

THE  
Heroick-Lover,  
OR, THE  
INFANTA  
OF  
SPAIN.

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By George Cartwright, of  
Fullham, Gent.

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TO THE  
High and Mighty MONARCH  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN,  
CHARLES the Second,  
King of England, Scotland, France and  
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

*Resplendid Sir,*



Had both consideration,  
and modesty  
enough, to have for-  
born this sawcy at-  
tempt, in the Dedication of this

A 2

*Heroick-*

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*Heroick-Lover*, to Your Royal Self; but when I called to mind, the many, and extraordinary favours, Your Majestie received at the Spanish Court, in Your sad, necessitated retirement thither, who next to Heaven, were both the Preservers and Restorers of Your Royal Person here: I should have committed a double sin, in recommending the protection of this *Infanta*, to any other, but Your Majestie; the one of ingratitude to their unparallel'd courtesie; and the other, of injury and offence, to Your sacred Majestie; in presuming that any was  
more



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

more willing, or more able, to defend her, then Your Greater Self. It is a Poem, consisting more of fatal Truth, then flying Fancy : penn'd many years ago, but not published till now : the Muses among our sad misfortunes here, suffering an Eclipse : which I hope Your most Illustrious Rayes will over-power, and give an encouragement, suitable to so high and noble a faculty, as other your Majesties Ancestors have done : more especially, that never to be forgotten Martyr, and Mirror of our Age, Your Majesties most Resplendent Father. What dis-

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

countenance soever it shall meet  
withall in the world, so it hath but  
the honour of Your Royal appro-  
bation, it will be more then suffici-  
ent to protect

Your Majesties most Humble  
and Loyal Subject,

*George Cartwright.*

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# The ACTORS.

## The Scene in Poland.

The King  
The Prince

Of Poland.  
His Son, in love with *Francina*, but  
married to Princess *Flora* the In-  
fanta of Spain.  
The Princes wife.

The Princess *Flora*, the  
Infanta of Spain,

The Cardinal,  
The Lord High Admiral  
The Lord Marshal  
The Lord Controul'er

The Kings Favourite.  
Of Poland.  
Of Poland.  
Of the Kings Household.  
Lord High-Chamberlain.  
Lord President.

Zorates  
Selucious  
Nonantious

A Noble man, and the Princess confi-  
dent, in love with *Francina*.  
A young Lord, brother to *Francina*, and  
in love with *Symphrona*, who in his  
return from France was took by the  
Turks at Sea, and afterwards escaped,  
and then turned Hermit.

Bellarious

A handfom Lady, beloved of the Prince,  
who upon the death of *Nonantious*  
turned Nun.

Francina

A beautiful Lady, Mistrefs to *Bellarious*,  
who upon the report he was taken  
by the Turks, turned Nun, fearing  
he would never get his freedom.

Symphrona

Two of the Kings Household servants.  
Servant to the Lord Controul'er.  
Servant to the Lord Chamberlain.

Sotus and Lycas  
Expedicious  
Cycus

Guard, and divers others.

THE



THE  
**Heroick-Lover,**  
 OR, THE  
*INFANTA of Spain.*

---

*The first Act, the first Scene.*

*Enter Lycas and Sotus.*

*Lycas.* **K**ings with their Greatness, have their troubles too,  
 And many times, are puzzled what to do :  
 Shifting from place to place, to find out rest,  
 So are their heads, with discontent posselt.

According to the Nature of the times,  
 Or else proceeding, from their proper crimes :

Requiring sometimes, more then is their due,  
 Or else refus'd, what them belongs unto;  
 No man, nor knowing so, to hold the scale,  
 As hinder King, or Subject, to bewail.

*Sotus.* Good faith 'twas ever so, and so 'twill be,  
 So long as at the Court, dwells Flattery.  
 So long as private end, shall challenge place  
 As only Favourite, unto his Grace.  
 How is it likely, he should see aright,  
 When he must see, but by anothers sight ?

*Lycas.* Which is the cause, so many men complain,  
 And that so few, do come away with gain.  
 Did mens requests, come to the Princes ear,  
 More courteous to them, sure he would appear,  
 Then let them sue, for that which is but just,  
 So many years, as now adays men must.

*Sotus.* The City's weary, and the Countrey too,  
 And something shortly, murmur for to do.  
 They will no longer, have the King abus'd,  
 Nor let themselves, so rigidly be us'd.  
 But how to do't, they are not yet agreed,  
 Out of the Court, such netles for to weed.

*Lycas.* Pray Heaven, they may do all things for the best,  
 Procuring to the King, and Kingdom rest.  
 Shoo'd they reform things, with too strict a course,  
 Instead of mending, they wou'd make things worse.  
 It is no small a matter, to know how,  
 To win a King, and make a Subject bow.

*Sotus.* Report sayes, that they do intend by Bill,  
 Unto the King, to shew his Subjects will.  
 How that they are, by Taxes so oppress'd,  
 They cannot live, nor in their houses rest,

For Maltuties, which have thereof the charge,  
To scrue the people, by Commission large,  
Gave from the *Cardinal*, whom they'le demand,  
For satisfaction, at his Royal hand.

*Lycas.* They may demand, but 'twill be but in vain,  
For of his Grace, they will not him obtain.

*Sotus.* If that by fair means, they can't compass it,  
They will by foul, endeavour him to get.

*Exeunt.*

*The second Scene : Enter Prince alone.*

*Prince.* **H**AD I my fair one, in this silent Grove,  
To tell my passion, and declare my lov<sup>e</sup>  
How short this day, wou'd unto me then seem,  
And how much give, its howers to redeem.  
Where at my ease, I might behold and court,  
And fear no living creature, to report,  
The stolen blisses, which I might receive,  
If she were pleas'd, so to give me leave.  
Tell her, how ev'ry day augments my flame,  
And that 'tis she alone, can quench the same.  
How much her eyes, have made a Prince a slave,  
Which does rejoyce, that honour for to have.

*Enter Nonantius.*

*Non.* The King your Father, sent me you to seek,  
And tell you too, that with you he wou'd speak.

*Prince.* I am not lost, except it be in love,  
To tell how much, the object me do's move.  
But where's his Highness? 'tis not long ago,  
I left his Grace, pursuing of a Doe.

*Nonant.* He is return'd implease you, and does set,  
Now with his Counsel, of the Cabiner.

*Prince.* Well, I come, but before I hence depart ;  
 I must, and will, disclose to thee my heart.  
 Of all my Fathers Subjects, thee alone,  
 I have pickt out, to make my passion known.  
 I doubt not of thy secrecy, and zeal,  
 And therefore with thee, I will plainly deal.  
 'Tis fair *Francina*, lodges in my brest,  
 And moves me so, I cannot take my rest.  
 I prethee tell her, that I love her so,  
 And press her likewise, to believe me too ;  
 That for her sake, I value not my Crown,  
 Nor yet my Fathers, nor my Subjects frown.  
 Nor Heaven it self, shoo'd Heaven oppose my heart ;  
 My passion is for her, so monstrous great.

*Non.* Sir, may I speak, and not your Highness move,  
 She merits well, but not from you such love.  
 You are a Prince, and heir unto a King,  
 Which is upon my word, no little thing ;  
 Consider well your birth, and your degree,  
 And you will yield, 'tis your infirmity,  
 To love with passion, one so much below,  
 Your rank, and Greatness, as we all do know.

*Prince.* Come, come, I know, this is but for to try,  
 How hot my flame is, and my constancy.  
 Thou lov'st me, and my ease, I know too well,  
 In this opinion, ever for to dwell.  
 Thought I but otherwise, by my soul I vow,  
 One minuit more, I woo'd not thee allow.  
 She is a Princess, and of better blood,  
 Then I my self, by how much she's more good.  
 'Tis not enough, to be a Princess born,  
 Except she virtues have, to her adorn.



She's by vertue, what others are by birth,  
Which is we know full well, the nobler earth.

*Non.* Without all doubt it is, but you may have,

A Princess both wayes, and your honour save

*Prince.* Think'st thou that I, can any honour loose,  
A handsom, vertuous Lady, for to choose?

No, no, I cannot, do what I command,

And I will to the other hazard stand.

*Non.* Since that your Highness, is resolv'd to love,

Make choice of one, that's fitter it to move.

To tell my own, alas I am too weak,

How can I then, anothers passion speak?

*Prince.* I will not trust another, only thou

Of all the world, this business best can'st do.

*Non.* Then I will do my utmost, though I die,

Since doing so, I serve your Majestie.

*Exeunt.*

*The third Scene : Enter King, Cardinal, Admiral,  
Marshall and Controuler, in Counsel.*

*King.* **T**Is time my Lords, the Prince shoo'd have a wife,  
To be a stay, and comfort, to his life.

His age, and Ours, do it require with speed,

The Kingdom of our issue, having need.

Wherefore your Counsels, we shall gladly take

To help us, our election for to make.

*Card.* Sir, like a Father, you do kindly deal,

Both with the Prince, and with the Common-weal.

There is no man, but must confesse the care,

Your Grace does take, since all men it must share.

*Admiral.* Your goodness likewise, equally commend,

Since our advice, to ask you condescend.

*King.* Then freely deal with us, and also plain,  
If 'twill not proper be, to match with *Spain*?

*Control.* Sir, since that I, may freely speak my heart,  
I think it not convenient, for my part.  
My reason is, that now the King of *Spain*,  
Is scarce in case, his Kingdom to maintain.  
How then will he, be able for to lend,  
Succours if need shoo'd be, to help a friend.  
I rather think, the Danish Princess shoo'd  
More fitter be, if that your Highness woo'd,  
Be pleased to accept it at his hand,  
Which by Embassador, he does demand.  
Besides the wealth that Kingdoms does possess,  
With plenty so of all things, in excess,  
To be ally'd, unto that Crown woo'd be,  
More advantageous, to your Majestie.  
He being near, unto you seated so,  
He woo'd no doubt, offend you more being foe.  
And if your friend, he's proper to defend,  
And at an howers warning, succours send.  
But I am weak, and simple, and may err,  
Wherefore it to your judgements, I referr.

*M.rrsh.* My Lord says true, that *Spain* in such a case,  
Can by no means, aid or assist your Grace.  
But that which makes me, chiefly of his mind,  
Is that your Highness, will not Pistols find,  
Which make without dispute, the strongest hold,  
For you can nothing do, without you've gold.  
And if that you have store, your Highness may  
Prevent a foe, your Kingdom to inveigh,  
And with it keep, your Subjects too in awe,  
If they shoo'd chance, to grumble at your Law.

As for to match, into the Danish Land,  
 I know not how, it will with honour stand,  
 They having broke, their word with you, you know,  
 You promising to aide, not long ago.  
 Wherein they plainly shew'd, their love and zeal,  
 Both to your Highness, and to your Common-weal.  
 I rather think, the Swedish Princess might,  
 In this your choice, pretend the greatest right;  
 For as she's rich, so by the Laws of the Land,  
 She like a Prince, has power to command.  
 Which is a thing, not common ev'ry where,  
 That women to a Scepter, shoo'd be heir.  
 In taking her, into the Prince's bed,  
 A Crown, and Scepter, you will likewise wed.

*Admir.* Sir I do think, and likewise will maintain,  
 That 'tis most proper, for to match with Spain.  
 'Tis true, the reasons that my Lords do give,  
 Are very strong, if Spain shoo'd alwayes live  
 In war, and never hope to have a peace,  
 Which brought we know, to morrow next may cease.  
 We ought, in weighty matters of the State,  
 Wink at the present, and the future waite:  
 Except in case, your Majestie shoo'd be,  
 Urg'd to embrace, by some necessity:  
 Which as I know, there is none yet so great,  
 As off this match, your Majesty to beat.  
 The King of Denmark, all men know full well,  
 So tim'rous is, that hee'd not stick to sell,  
 The dearest friend he has, himself to free,  
 From the oppression, of an enemy.  
 Nor wou'd his friendship, were it firm and good,  
 So useful be, as to other to your blood.

As for the Swedish Princess, who takes her,  
Must look to wed, into a world of stir.  
Except he'll worship, or at least permit,  
That they the Gods, shoo'd serve as they think fit.

*Car.* These Lords, dread Sir, the business so have scand,  
And argu'd to and fro, we have in hand,  
That they have left, not much for me to say,  
Therein unto your Majesty this day.  
Yet, what more I know, I'll be bold to speak,  
Since my advice, it pleases you to seek.  
As I conceive, the matter in debate,  
Is to find out, th' advantage of the State.  
Now Sir, the question that will hence arise,  
Is which of these, you chiefly ought to prise.  
A mighty Monarch, in another sphere,  
Or else a Prince, less powerful that's near.  
As 't has been said, the King of *Spain* 'tis true,  
Is at this present, very hard put to.  
Yet is he not, as men do think so poor,  
But that he can, afford you Pistols store.  
Which is as much, as if he men did lend,  
Were you compel'd, your Kingdom to defend.  
As for the King of *Denmarks* amity,  
So much as 't other, 'twill not useful be.  
My reason is, that as he has less pow'r,  
So is he false, and changing ev'ry hour.  
The Swedish Princess, as my Lord well said,  
Is most improper, for the Prince to wed,  
By reason of his Faith, and her belief,  
Which doubtless daily, 'twixt them will cause strife.  
Besides the private fears, that will arise,  
That your Grace their Errours, shoo'd favourize.

Thus

Thus all things layd together, sure with *Spain*,  
It is most fit to match, their loves to gain.

*King.* We have with great attention, heard you all,  
One word unto the ground, not letting fall,  
Wherein we see, we are not in one thing,  
More happy, then in you, in being King. !

To whom we are obliged very much,  
Your love, and counsel, unto us are such.  
And 'tis resolv'd : but whom shall we ordain,  
Our Lord Ambassador to go to *Spain* ?

To let his Greatness, for to understand,  
That we that Princess, for our Prince demand!

*Car.* My Lord *Controul*er, please your Grace would be,  
Extreamly fit, to tell'r his Majestie.

*King.* Then you, our Lord Ambassador we chuse,  
Commanding you, your power for to use,  
In our behalf, to compass this affair,  
And for that journey, quickly to prepare.

As for your full instructions, they are these,  
How that his Highness, woo'd vouchsafe and please,  
To honour us, to match into our Race,  
That we may be, ally'd unto his Grace.

And thereupon, give him to understand,  
That we the Princess *Flora* do demand,  
In marriage with the Prince, our eldest son,  
Who will be King, when we are dead and gon.

Thereto, be careful likewise, for to add,  
That with his Highness, we shoo'd be most glad,  
To make 'gainst all, if he'll so please to do,  
A league offensive, and defensive too.

As for the marriage sum, you shoo'd demand,  
We think it better, to his pleasure stand.

He like himself, if he inclines to hear,  
 Without all doubt, will honourably appear:  
 Yet if in case, you shoo'd be urg'd the sum,  
 Five hundred thousand pounds, woo'd us become.  
 Our *Admiral*, will order take you shall,  
 For one of our best Ships, not stay at all.

*Controul.* Since me your Majesty, has chosen out,  
 Of all, the most unworthy without doubt,  
 To serve your Highness, in this great affair,  
 I will with diligence, my self prepare;  
 And do what in me lyes, for to discharge,  
 The trust your Grace does put, in me so large.  
 Within this two dayes, I will put to Sea,  
 If that the wind, shall favourable be.

*The fourth Scene: Enter Symphrona and Francina.*

*Sym.* **N**O news dear Madam, of my Lords return ?  
 But half so much as I, did he but burn,  
 No doubt but quickly, he woo'd come away,  
 And make more hast, loves tribute for to pay.  
 Out of his memory, am I then cast,  
 'Cause in my bosom, him I've kept so chaste ?  
 Must I rewarded be, with such neglect,  
 Because I've had for him, so much respect ?  
 'Tis more then cruel, if it must be so,  
 But I'll not him condemn, until I know.

*Fran.* I wonder at his stay, and 'tis most strange,  
 But I am sure, his love will never change.  
 You are, sweet Madam, plac'd too near his heart;  
 With his consent, from thence to e're depart.

Some chance or other, may be in the way,  
As often haps, to cause him to delay :  
Which troubles him, no doubt as much as you,  
To which he fears, to make you privy too.

*Sym.* What chance can there be, I'de not sooner hear,  
Then so at all, to hear not from my Dear ?  
I may imagine, that which is not true,  
In such a case, as often Lovers do,  
A thousand things, present to our belief,  
Which entertain'd, abuse, and mock our grief.  
Were it not better, to hear the truth at large,  
Then with so many doubts, our minds to charge?

*Fran.* It is not by your favour, always meet,  
To hear the truth, of what we may regret :  
Especially for us, who by our sex,  
Are weak, and apt, at little things to vex.

*Sym.* Term you that little, which I term my all?  
You will not do so, when in love you fall.

*Exit.*

*The second ACT, the first Scene : Enter King, Prince,  
Zorates and Selucious with a Petition,  
and divers others.*

*Zorates.* **W**E come implease you Sir, for to present,  
As from your loving Subjects, being sent,  
This humble Bill, and to intreat withall,  
You wou'd be pleas'd, to quit the Cardinal:  
And leave him to the mercy of the Law,  
Which he contemns, and will not stand in awe.  
These twenty years, your people have endur'd,  
Without all hopes, to have their ease procur'd,

*With*

With mighty patience, all things at his hands,  
 Which he still exercis'd, as your commands,  
 Now what with taxes, they are grown so poor,  
 They are not able for to give you more :  
 Except you'd have, their wives, and children, die,  
 For want of bread, to pay your Majestic.  
 Which they believe, you woo'd be loth to do,  
 Which makes them to your Highness, now to sue.

*King.* D'you know my masters, what you do demand,  
 The *Cardinal* requesting at our hand ?  
 Sure if you did, you woo'd not be so bold,  
 To ask the man, which does our Scepter hold.  
 Which does from falling off, preserve our Crown,  
 And all mens lives, that are in this same Town :  
 Who like a faithful Shepherd, watches so,  
 Both night and day, to keep us from our foe.  
 Where had we been long since, had not his care,  
 Preserved us, from falling in the snare,  
 The Turk, for want of faith, for us prepar'd,  
 The good whereof, you equally have shar'd ?  
 And woo'd you we sho'd be so void of sense,  
 Him so unlike a King, to recompence ?  
 No, no, we won't, nor can we yet forget,  
 All his past cares, although that you can it.  
 And more then that, we make it to be death,  
 For any so to us, to 'ope his breath.  
 As for your taxes, we will order take,  
 That more they shall not make, your heads to ake.

*Prince.* What monstrous men, implease your Grace are these,  
 Whom nothing but a *Cardinal*, will please !

*King.* Retire, and leave the Prince, and us alone ;  
 We sent for you, to make our pleasure known.

*Exeunt.*

We



We are you see, already old, and gray,  
 And shortly must, our debt to nature pay.  
 Before we die, we shoo'd be glad to see,  
 You well bestow'd, to have posterity.  
 We with our Counsel, have debated which,  
 May be the most convenient match, and rich:  
 At last, we have concluded, that with *Spain*,  
 You marry must, if they'le it entertain.  
 Besides the private interest of State,  
 Which shoo'd perswade you, to imbrace it strait.  
 She is extreamly fair, and vertuous too,  
 A fitting Princess, ev'ry way for you.  
 Witness this Picture, if we say not true,  
 Which as *Don State* sayes, to life he drew.  
 We out of hand, have ordered for to go,  
 Our Lord Ambassador, their minds to know:  
 Who tells us that to morrow, without fail,  
 If that the wind holds good, he'le set up sail:

*Shews  
picture.*

S I R

*Prince.* As you are King, and I your son and heir,  
 I shoo'd be sorry, wilful to appear.  
 I am your Subject, therefore ought to shew,  
 By my example, others what to do.  
 Yet Sir, I cannot chuse, but blame my Fate,  
 To tie my love, to any act of State.  
 In this, although a Prince, I see I have,  
 Not freedom, like a Subject, or a slave.  
 Command, or order any man, woo'd you,  
 To marry one, he had no mind unto?  
 I do believe, your Highness is too just,  
 To will in such a case, that any must.

For

For Heaven sake, I intreat you not to be,  
To any, less severe, then unto me.

I am your son, bone of your very bone,  
And can you be so cruel, to your own ?  
You cannot sure, nor will't I hope you move,  
To tell you, that this face I cannot love.

There's something in her nose, and in her eyes,  
Which with my fancy, does not sympathize.  
The colour of her hair, is too too brown,  
And by her looks, she seems on me to frown :

As if that nature, did prognosticate,  
That there woo'd be, 'twixt us, less love then hate.

*King.* We use to say, that men in love are blind;  
You love not, yet you see not, well we find.  
How can that face, in reason you dislike,  
Which with such admiration, us does strike ?  
Had you but wit, for to conceive the good,  
That you may reap, to match into that blood :  
Were she deform'd, for that you woo'd not stand,  
But quickly do, what we do you command.

*Prince.* There is no good, I value like a wife,  
With whom a man must live with all his life.  
Coo'd I but marry for a day, or two,  
And put her off, when I'de a mind to do:  
To take a creature, that I coo'd not love,  
Woo'd not unto me, inconvenient prove.  
But when I wed her, for an unknown time,  
Knowing that not to love, is no small crime :  
Your Highness shall do well, to let me chuse,  
One I can love, and like a Princess use.  
As for ought else, Heaven knows I'de rather die,  
Then live, and not obey your Majesty.

*Views the  
picture.*

*King.* Thendo what Heaven commands, for 'tis Heavens will,  
That you your Fathers pleasure, shoo'd fulfill.

*Prince.* But shoo'd my Father, bid me do a thing,  
( May I so boldly speak unto the King )  
Which is unjust, or otherwise not fit,  
For me to do, woo'd Heaven allow of it ?

*King.* Who shall be judge, of that which you call fit ?

*Prince.* None but just Heaven, Great Sir, shall judge of it.

*King.* But Heaven ordain'd us here, to judge below,  
Of things as we shall please, we'll have you know.

*Prince.* But if you judge amiss, another day,  
As well as others, you must for it pay.

*Exeunt.*

*The second Scene : Enter Nonantious alone, and afterwards Francina, and hearken.*

*Nonant.* **D**Id I but know what I do go about,  
I woo'd not be so forward, without doubt,  
As to pronounce, the sentence of my death,  
As I must do, so with my proper breath.  
To court a Mistress, was it ever known  
To love another, done of one alone ?  
Goo'd one example, only be but found,  
I might have cause to think, my senses sound.  
But there is none, none yet was ever known,  
To be so foolish, but my self alone.  
Then do it not, then I shall disobey,  
Do, or not do, criminal every way.  
Of evils, chuse the lesser of the two,  
They are so equal, I know not which to do.  
My love to fair *Francina*, bids me not ;  
My duty to my *Prince*, can't be forget.

*How*

How both, the ballance hold, so just and true,  
That willing both, I know not which to do.  
But why sho'd I love her, who me does scorn ?

*Eccho.* Because thy love's no bastard, but true born.

*Nonant.* Why do her good, who me does use so ill ?

*Eccho.* 'Cause 'tis thy duty, and thy *Princes* will.

*Nonant.* Then I will do't, to make my love appear,  
Both to my *Prince*, and to my *Saint* so dear.

*Fran.* Well, what's your business with me ? I was told,  
To ask for me again, you were so bold.

*Nonant.* I was implease you Madam, it is true,  
So bold as yesterday, to ask for you :

But you were not at home, which made me now  
So bold again , which you'le I hope allow.

I come not now, as I was wont to do,

My love and passion, to make known to you.

With chosen words, to court you to be kind,

And think you cruel, 'cause that I was blind.

No, no, I know, my merit is too poor,

For to importune you, so any more.

I must confess, I soared then too high,

To let my fancy, after you to fly.

My business now, is of another kind,

If you'le have patience, for to hear my mind.

And faith to credit, what I've charge to say,

Which, I woo'd rather do, then disobey.

*Fran.* And faith to credit, what you've charge to say ?  
Doubt not of that, if me become it may.

*Nonant.* To be a Princess, woo'd become you well,  
And in a stately Pallace, alwayes dwell.

Have maids of Honour, 'bout you to attend,  
And Lords of quality, at hand to send.

On all occasions, to make known your will,  
To such as you woo'd have, it to fulfill.

*Fran.* I understand you not; or speak more plain,  
Or else your words, will be but spent in vain.

*Nonant.* Then to be brief, and make you understand,  
The *Prince* does love you, and did me command  
On my allegiance, for to tell you so,  
And press you likewise, to believe me too.

*Fran.* The *Prince* love me! it cannot be believ'd,  
Unless I had a mind, to be deceiv'd.

Alas my faith, is not so sawcy yet,  
Into my thoughts, it eas'ly to admit.

*Nonant.* You may believe me Madam, it is true,  
And very certain, what I say to you.

*Fran.* To me my birth, and breeding is so known,  
That if 'twere not but only, that alone,  
It were enough, no doubt, to humble me,  
And me possess, with incredulity.

*Nonant.* Were you that, which you say your self to be,  
The *Prince* stands not in need, of dignity.  
He has sufficient, for himself and you,  
Were you less noble, and less vertuous too.

*Fran.* I question not the truth thereof; but you  
I rather think, this of your self do do,  
To try if that the name, of Queen can move,  
And tempt my resolution, for to love.

*Nonant.* Ah Madam! you are cruel to think so,  
More cruel far, then in the scorn you shew.  
That I shoo'd be so wicked, and so base,  
'Tabuse, not only you, but too his Grace.  
I am no Devil Madam; you may say,  
And think your pleasure, while that I obey,

For had the *Prince*, not urg'd me o're and o're,  
 As I have told you Madam, heretofore,  
 To make his royal passion, known to you,  
 Which then I said, I was unfit to do :  
 I nee're had medled, in this love affair,  
 The fruit whereof, I coo'd not hope to share.  
 Helas ! Heaven knows, I careful was to sound,  
 And look with diligence, into his wound,  
 Shewing unto him, 'twoo'd not fitting be,  
 By reason of the great disparity  
 'Twixt you, and him, which he did seem to slight,  
 And value for your sake, extreemly light :  
 To see if it were dangerous, or no,  
 Before I woo'd resolve, to let you know.  
 When finding it, to be a wound indeed,  
 And that he mortally, for you did bleed :  
 I feared to be guilty, of his death,  
 In such a case, to spare to o'pe my breath.

*Fran.* I know not which is greater, of these two,  
 Your love, or wisdom, if that you say true.  
 But I am firm resolv'd, to wed with none,  
 And so unto the *Prince*, pray make it known.

*Exeunt.*

*The third Scene : Enter Zorates, Selucious,  
 and Admiral.*

*Zorates.* **W**E must by all means, quickly out of hand,  
 Seize on the strongest places of the Land.  
 Which that we may perform, and better do,  
 We must declare, and to the people shew,  
 That the Militia, to us does belong :  
 And that without our care, they can't be strong,

*Nor*

Nor yet secure, so much as for an hour,  
 From any foreign, or Domestique power.  
 Then put in such, in whom we may confide,  
 Whose zeal unto the Kingdom has been try'd :  
 And thrust out those, whom justly we suspect,  
 The common good at all, not to affect.

*Admir.* Upon my word, the matter you propose,  
 Is not so easily done, as you suppose.

You'll find a harder business, without doubt,  
 Then you conceive, to compass it about.  
 You must so many persons discontent;  
 Displacing them, without the Kings consent :  
 That if you had no other rub alone,  
 'Twoo'd hinder your design from going on.

*Selu.* If that be all, we have not lost our hold,  
 So long as we can compass, store of gold.  
 That joyn'd with a pretence, that's somewhat fair,  
 Will tempt the vulgar, any thing to dare.

*Admir.* That is 'tis true, the life and soul of war;  
 But with our King, to wage it be it far  
 From us, who are his Subjects, not his foes,  
 And are oblig'd, to purchase his repose.  
 There may no doubt, a better way be found,  
 To heal the Kingdom, and make all things sound,  
 Then by so rude a course, to let it blood,  
 If that the manner how, we understood.

*Zor.* But since the King, refuses our request,  
 Which tendeth only, to his Royal rest ;  
 What other course, can we conceive to take,  
 If not by force, his Majesty to make ?

*Admir.* Intreat him twice, or thrice, and if that then  
 He will not grant, beseech him thrice agen.

A Subject, ought to have no other sword,  
 To force his Prince, then a submissive word.  
 If that will not prevail, we ought to have  
 Recourse to Heaven, and his assistance crave  
 To sweeten him, and mollifie his heart,  
 It not belonging, justly to our part.

*Selu.* It by your favour, does belong to those  
 Which steer the State, to punish all its foes.  
 Now if that he, to save them will pretend,  
 We do not ill, our selves for to defend.

*Admir.* Do so, but not with his own weapons then,  
 Nor so, as misbecomes discreet States-men.

*Zor.* What weapons else, have we except the Law,  
 Which he esteems, no more then a Jack Daw,  
 Because the *Cardinal*, instructs him still,  
 That he shoo'd rule, according to his will :  
 And know no other Law, but what he makes,  
 When, and so often, as his fancy takes.  
 VVhom from his ear, we must and will remove,  
 Though to the Kingdom, it shall fatal prove.  
 You know it well enough, if you'd but speak,  
 And us assist, them of their wills to break :  
 As it does aptly, in your power fall  
 To aid us now, as you are *Admiral*:

*Admir.* Are you my Lord in earnest, or in jest ?  
 So strange I vow to me, seems your request !

*Zor.* My Lord I am in earnest ; 'twere a crime,  
 In jesting now, to spend away the time.

*Admir.* No, no, I'll not consent, to such a thing,  
 VVhen namely so to do, you'de make me King.  
 VVere he a Tyrant, or a Prince unjust,  
 It were no argument, to break my trust.



Heaven on conditions, gave him not to me,  
 Unless it were for me, 't obedient be.  
 VVherefore I'll faithful be; be what he will,  
 He is my King, and I his Subject still.  
 A tie so close, and strong, that one cannot  
 Undo it well, except he breaks the knot.

*Selu.* 'Tis not to break it, for the Kingdoms good,  
 'Tis to preserve it, and the Subjects blood.  
 VVe will maintain you in a thing so just,  
 Into our hands, do but resign your trust.  
 VVhat can the King, in his own person do,  
 VVithout his Subjects, for to succour you?  
 'Tis not the name of King, that makes him strong,  
 That only to his people, does belong.  
 That Prince upon my word, is most secure,  
 VVhich of his Subjects love, is alwayes sure.  
 Think you that Heaven, plac't on his head a Crown,  
 For to oppress, and keep his people down?  
 No, no, you are deceiv'd, if you think so,  
 The King is to himself, the greatest foe.

*Zor.* And you will be, one of his greatest friends,  
 If you will help, for to correct his sins.  
 There is no better way, to take him down,  
 Then let him know, who 'tis upholds his Crown.  
 VVithout a King, there is no question we,  
 May live if that we will, most happily:  
 So cannot he, without his Subjects live,  
 For it is they, which to him life do give.

*Admir.* Your Doctrine is of Devils; I fear to name  
 The words which you have utter'd, without shame.  
 That I shoo'd help, for to correct the King,  
 VVere he the worst, of any living thing!

Or were his Royal ſoul, more black then Hell,  
 Far be't in me, ſuch wickedneſs ſhoo'd dwell !  
 Let Heaven, who ſees more clearly then we do,  
 And with leſs paſſion, his correction ſhew.  
 To us, who cannot judge of common things,  
 Does not belong, the judgement of great Kings !  
 They ſhoo'd be like ſtars, ſeated in the Sky,  
 Far from our reach, though ſeeming near our eye.

*Zor.* But in mean while, wee'le keep you in our reach,  
 And to you better doctrine, likewise teach.

*Enter Guard and  
 carry him to priſon.*

*The third ACT, the firſt Scene : Enter Symphrona  
 and Francina.*

*Symphro.* **A**H Heavens ! what change is this ! why weep you ſo,  
 Sweet Madam ! the occaſion let me know ;  
 Speak quickly then ; you kill me with delay ;  
 My apprehenſion, will no longer ſtay.  
 There's ſomething 'bout my Lord, I'le lay my life,  
 Which cauſes in your ſpirits, this ſame ſtrife.  
 Say ? is he kill'd ? or is he drown'd at Sea ?  
 Or will he not, no longer faithful be ?  
 O how I bleed ! and how my ſoul's in pain !  
 The reaſon of theſe tears, from you to gain.

*Fran.* VVhy do I live ? or why have I the pow'r,  
 To keep this frame, together for an how'r ?  
 VVere it not better, I were in my Tomb,  
 Then live, and thus unfortunate become ?  
 No doubt it were, if Death woo'd be ſo kind,  
 To take me hence, to eaſe my troubled mind.

*Sym.* Good Madam out with it, what e're it be,  
Me of a thousand, thousand doubts to free.  
Be't what it will, to speak it do not fear,  
For I am ready, and prepar'd to hear.

*Fran.* You know not what you say, in saying so,  
Unless the thing, you certainly did know.

Can you be prepared of a friend,  
To hear the story, of his fatal end ?

*Sym.* To be prepar'd to hear it, is no sin,  
So that no pleasure I do take therein.  
But what mischance, may't be I cannot hear,  
VVithout offence, unto my chaster ear ?  
Dear Madam, let me know it, though I die,  
And be partaker, with the Destiny.

*Fran.* Then to be brief, and make you understand,  
VVhat I have heard, from one that by did stand,  
VVho had not then, escap't this news to tell,  
Had he not known, to swim exactly well.  
My brother had no sooner put to Sea,  
VVith hope, and joy, to visit you, and me,  
But presently was spy'd, not far to lurk,  
A man of war, belonging to the Turk,  
Which made t'wards him, with all their might and main,  
Not doubting quickly, but their prey to gain.  
The Captain of his Ship, who as I'me told,  
VVas Sea-man good enough, and very bold,  
Thought it more sure, them striving to out-sail,  
Then rashly hope, by fighting to prevail :  
His Vessel being small, and so ill mann'd,  
It 'gainst the other, coo'd not likely stand,  
And thereupon, commanded all his men,  
To stand unto their tackling, stoutly then :

And made all haste they coo'd, to get away,  
 If that the wind, their wishes woo'd obey.  
 VVhich did for half a day, hold very good,  
 They still escaping, though they were pursu'd.  
 At last, the wind whose humour is to change,  
 Became 'o the sudden calm, a thing not strange :  
 VVhich hindred them, they coo'd not farther go,  
 They in the reach, still being of their foe.  
 VVho then were fain to try, to do by force,  
 That which they coo'd no longer, by a course :  
 But all to little purpose, on my word,  
 For they their Vessel, quickly laid aboard.  
 Helas ! I have not strength to speak the rest,  
 VVherefore dear Madam, I leave it to be gest.

*Sym.* Ah Heavens ! why have you broke my sweet repose ? *Falls in a swoond.*  
 I in this world, have nothing more to lose.  
 I've lost my all, and more I do not crave,  
 Since that my Dearest, Dear's, become a slave.

*Fran.* Sweet Madam be of chear, and grieve not thus,  
 Your sighs, and tears, cannot help him, nor us.

*Sym.* O give me leave, I pray now at the least,  
 To grieve for that, which cannot be exprest.  
 Had he been kill'd, or drown'd, or had grim Death  
 VVhich spareth none, by sickness seiz'd his breath :  
 It woo'd have been more welcome, to my ear,  
 Then that which from you, Madam, I do hear.  
 For then I might have been, extreamly sure,  
 More pain, and torment, he coo'd not endure:  
 But now I know he lives and lives in pain,  
 VVithout all hopes, his freedom for to gain.  
 Good Gods ! how can I chuse, but sigh and grieve,  
 To have no pow'r, my Lord for to relieve.

*Fran.* I cannot blame you Madam, rather must,  
Commend these tears, and say your sighs are just.  
Yet were he dead, you lesser hope woo'd have,  
Since none e're yet, did ever quit the grave.  
You cannot tell, he may so happy be,  
As by some means, procure his liberty.

*Sym.* It is not likely, since the Turk lets go,  
No man for love, or money, you do know.  
And he will not commit, a crime so foul,  
As for his freedom, give away his soul.  
Ah Heavens ! coo'd but my life his ransom be,  
How with it I woo'd part, most willingly !

*Exeunt.*

*The second Scene : Enter Prince alone.*

*Prince.* C Oo'd I but compass, what I so desire;  
And what with reason too, I do admire :  
Then shoo'd I think my self, a *Prince* indeed,  
And to desire, shoo'd never more have need.  
Had I been Childe, unto some Countrey blade,  
Or to some meaner person of a trade,  
I might have chosen, where I might have lov'd,  
And from my Mistriss, never been remov'd :  
VVhereas, being born a *Prince*, and so more free,  
I am less master, of my liberty.  
I cannot marry, but I must ask leave,  
And from my Subjects, order too receive.  
Perhaps take one, I can by no means love,  
Because some reason, in the State does move.  
Unhappy reason, so to force ones faith,  
For one, for whom, he no affection hath.

*Princes*

Princes in love, less happy are I vow,  
 Then maids that milk, or men that go to plow.  
 And how, and how, does our affair succeed,  
 Does she believe, my soul for hers does bleed ?  
 How does she relish, and digest my love ?  
 Will she be kind ? or will she cruel prove ?

*Nonantion*  
*enters.*

*Non.* Implease your Highness, I have done my best,  
 Not any thing omitting, unexpress'd ;  
 Which might perswade, and move her to believe ;  
 Yet for all that, she cannot it conceive.  
 She sayes her faith, is not so sawcy yet,  
 To let her entertain, and harbour it.  
 That she her birth, and breeding, knows too well,  
 To e're permit, in her, such thoughts shoo'd dwell.  
 Unto which words, I presently reply'd,  
 Your Highness, was so royally ally'd,  
 You had enough, both for your self, and her,  
 And that you vertue, did fore birth prefer.

*Prince.* Well, thereunto, what answer did she make ?  
 Coo'd not that argument, her captive take ?

*Nonant.* Good faith Sir no, she seem'd thereat to scoff,  
 And rather nearer, to be farther off.  
 All the fine words, I coo'd invent and make,  
 Had not the pow'r, her constancy to shake.  
 I told her to be wife, unto a King,  
 Was not, no little, nor no common thing :  
 No more then for to have, at her command,  
 So many Nobles, bare-head for to stand.  
 All which she heard, but with so cold an ear,  
 That she did seem to hearken, but not hear.  
 A Virgin she's resolv'd, to live and die,  
 And so she bid me tell, your Majestic.

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Good Heavens ! is't possible she can be so,  
Both to her self, and to her *Prince* a foe ?  
If that my person, cannot make her love,  
Has not a Crown, the power her to move ?  
Of what cold earth, has nature her compos'd,  
Against all reason, so to be dispos'd ?  
She will not wed, then wherefore was she made ?  
If that she will not, with us mortals trade ?  
Yet I will not the siege, raise for this blow,  
But will her mind, in my own person know.

*Exeunt.*

*The third Scene : Enter King, and divers followers.*

*King.* **G**O tell the *Cardinal*, and *Marshal* thus,  
That 'tis our pleasure, they shoo'd come to us. *Exeunt.*  
Leave us alone : that we shoo'd him remove,  
Whom 'bove our life, and Kingdom, we do love !  
No, no, wee'le never do't, wee'le rather die,  
Then either him, or else his Counsel flie:  
My Lord you're welcome, to our Royal ear,  
Wee've news to tell you, set you in this Chair.

*Cardinal  
enters.*

*Card.* Implease you Sir, I know my duty well,  
And where my distance, likewise ought to dwell.

*King.* Set down we say, for 'tis our Princely will,  
That you in this, our pleasure shoo'd fulfill.  
Be cover'd too, and then we will proceed,  
To tell you that, which makes our soul to bleed.  
Our Subjects griev'd are, and say the cause,  
Proceeds from you, 'cause you despise our Laws :  
Advising us, to govern them by will,  
Which they to us, presented have by Bill :

*That*

That ev'ry day, their taxes more and more  
 Do so increase, that they are grown so poor,  
 They are not able, by no means to live,  
 Nor to their wives, and children, bread to give :  
 Which ought to be, most sensible to us,  
 To see them for our sakes, to suffer thus.  
 We must my Lord, think on some way to ease  
 Them out of hand, their fury to appease :  
 Lest letting them, so long in vain to waite,  
 They shoo'd become, insens'd, and desperate.  
 But that which grieves us most, is, they demand,  
 Your precious person, at our royal hand :  
 And will on no conditions, be at rest,  
 Until of you, they fully be possess'd :  
 Which we in justice, cannot yield unto,  
 We are my Lord, so much oblig'd to you.

*Card.* In nothing else, I think my self so poor,  
 As that I cannot, serve your Highness more.  
 It is implease your Majestie, no news,  
 To hear the common people, me accuse.  
 These many years, they've had at all no shame  
 To threaten me, and likewise blast my name.  
 But still I have preserv'd me, from their reach,  
 And will in time, them better manners teach.

*King.* What can we do, against a multitude ?

*Car.* Do as you've done, use them extreemly rude.

*King.* But that will but provoke them more and more.

*Car.* The way to keep them down, 's to keep them poor.

For shoo'd your Highness, let them wealthy grow,  
 And suffer them, no misery to know ;  
 They woo'd on all occasions, able be,  
 For to rebell, against your Majestie.



*King.* But we have pas't our Royal word, to ease  
Them of their taxes, if that, them will please.

*Card.* Then you have done, that which you will repent,  
Think you they will with that, themselves content ?

No no, upon my word, they will pull down,  
If that they can, from off your head your Crown.

I know too well, the nature of those men,  
How that there's not amongst them, one in ten,

Which truly loves, the title of a King,

So is it to them, such an odious thing.

They woo'd that all men, shoo'd in common live,

And have no Law, but what themselves do give:

*Marsh.* Your Lord High *Admiral*, implease your Grace, *Marsh.*

Was even now, arrested fore my face ;

And carry'd to the Castle, in all hast,

There close prisoner, to be shut up fast.

*King.* What says our *Marshal* ? speak it once again,

For to conceive you, we have mighty pain.

*Card.* I cannot blame your Highness, 'tis a thing,

Sufficient to astonish, any King.

*Marsh.* Your *Admiral* implease you Sir, I say,

Was carry'd even now, by force away.

*King.* Who is't, that was so sawcy, and so bold,

Without our order, on him to lay hold ?

*Marsh.* The men which did the other day, by Bill,

Present unto your Grace, your peoples will.

*King.* Our *Admiral* in prison ! can it be !

Just Heavens, tho't cost our Crown, wee'le set him free:

We will not long, there suffer him to lie,

And too much less, consent he e're shall die.

To us his services, are too well known,

To let him under, such a burthen groan.

We cannot with him, so un-King-like deal,  
 Who has so much oblig'd, our Common-weal.  
 No, no, wee'le make, those blacker souls to know,  
 That more respect, to us they ought to shew,  
 Then to arrest, without our Royal leave,  
 Any, which we don't criminal conceive.  
 Think they, we hold this Scepter here in vain,  
 And over us, will suffer them to raiga :  
 Men namely which more cruel are, then wise,  
 Which God, and all Religion, do despise ?  
 Or think they, wee'le content us with the name  
 Of King, and not in power, be the same ?  
 No, no, by Heaven, wee'le make their pride to fall,  
 And will be King, or else not King at all.  
 Go fetch the heads, of those two Monsters strait,  
 And clap them fast, upon the City gate,  
 To serve for terror, and example too,  
 To any that hereafter, so woo'd do.  
 And break the prison doors, to set him free,  
 For wee'le not stay, until they op'ned be.

*Marsh.* Implease your Grace, I'le make what speed I may,  
 Your Majesty in this, for to obey.

*Card.* This is the language, of a King indeed,  
 And of such men, the means for to be free'd.  
 Shoo'd not your Highness, with such rigour deal,  
 You'd quickly overthrow, your Common-weal.  
 It is no little danger, for to give

The rains to such, which know not how to live.

*King.* 'Tis true my Lord, but yet too strict a course,  
 Oftimes does make some men, but ten times worse.  
 Had we to deal, with men of wit and sence,  
 They coo'd not be misled, by ought pretence.

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Pray

Pray Heaven, our Kingdom, and our Crown defend,  
From that which we so much, do apprehend.

*Car.* What can your Highness, apprehend, I'de know,  
Considering that you have, no forraign foe ?

*King.* A Domestick one, is worse my Lord by far,  
Shoo'd we be forced, to a Civil war.

*Card.* That's not likely, they may perchance rebell,  
But long resist, believ't they cannot tell,  
Because you do possess, implease your Grace,  
Ev'ry Town of strength, and war-like place.

*King.* VVell, hap how 'twill, we Heaven to witness take,  
VVe will not strike, until that us they make.  
And 't shall be with regret, and sorrow too,  
So 'gainst our Subjects, to be forc't to do.

*Sped.* My Lord does humbly kifs your Highness hands, Enter *Speditions* with  
And too with all, sent me with these commands. a dispatch  
'Tis news, implease your Majesty from *Spain*, from *Spain*.  
To tell you how the match, they entertain.

*King.* Here, kifs our hand, how does your Master ? well ?  
Has no mischance, him in the way befell ?

*Sped.* No, none implease your Majestie, he did  
Arrive with acclamations, at *Madrid* :  
So joyful were the people, for to hear,

The cause, and Subject, of his coming there.

*King.* Tis well, our business needs, must take effect,  
Since that the common people, it affect.

*Exeunt.*

*The fourth Scene : Enter Francina alone.*

*Franc.* **T**He Prince love me ! and so against my will,  
Repeat, and urge me, him for to fulfill !

Good

Good Heavens ! what kind of man and Lover's he,  
 So for another, to transported be,  
 As be more earnest, in the *Princes* cause,  
 Then in his own, as then I found he was ?  
 VWas it for want of Love ? why then did he,  
 Press it with so much importunity ?  
 Since that he coo'd not chuse, but know the good, ;  
 Must needs redown to me, and all my blood,  
 And if he lov'd me, as I do believe,  
 VWhy did he seek, a Rival to receive ?  
 It was because, I might a Princess be,  
 No doubt, which is in love a myserie :  
 That on his own content, shoo'd so contem,  
 To let his Mistress wear, a Diadem.  
 Oh love not to be equall'd ! now I must  
 Or love again, or else be most unjust.  
 He that my scorn, and slight, coo'd not offend,  
 Ought in all reason, to my love pretend.  
 'Tis not a Crown, can pluck away the dart,  
 VWhich love has shot so deep, into my heart.  
 Nor yet much less, the name of Queen remove,  
 The resolution, I have took to love.  
 Such poor respects in love, ought not to be,  
 Nor will I suffer, they shall be in me.  
 No, no, but I will love, without respect,  
 Since he himself for me, can so neglect.

*Prince.* Dear Madam all alone ? what have you none,  
 To tell your grief to, but your self alone ?  
 Or is't a secret, you will not impart,  
 Least you shoo'd meet, with a deceitful heart ?  
 Trust me sweet Madam with't, I will not deal  
 So much unlike a Prince, as it reveal.

*Prince*  
*enters.*

*Exit*

*Fran.* That Sir I hope, you'll think not I do fear,  
Shoo'd I to make it known, to you forbear.

It may be such a foolish, trifling thing,  
Not worth the ear, of him that will be King.

*Prince.* Madam, if it be fit to move you so,  
It cannot be unfit, for me to know.

Pray tell it me, that I may likewise grieve;  
The matter merits it, I do believe.

*Fran.* That which in justice, ought to make me weep;  
Ought not in reason, for to break your sleep.

For all the world, I woo'd not speak that thing,  
Which might unto your Highness, sorrow bring.

*Prince.* Ah dear Madam! your words are killing sweets;  
To make them good, I wish you thought it meet.

Then shoo'd I happy be, and be at rest,  
Enjoying that, which cannot be express'd.

*Fran.* It cannot be express'd, 'tis true indeed,  
The subject which does make, my heart to bleed.

*Prince.* You do not, or you will not, me conceive,  
So loth you are, the truth for to believe.

*Fran.* Implease you Sir, I neere was backward yet,  
To credit that, which might not be unfit,

*Prince.* Ah Heav'ns! but you want faith to credit me;  
Or if you don't, you kill me willingly.

*Fran.* How! kill the *Prince*! here take the Traitors life,

*Prince.* I ask no more then you, to be my wife.

*Fran.* Your wife implease you Sir? and woo'd you be,  
Unto your self, so much your enemy,

As take a creature, to your Princely bed,

So little worth? so poorly born and bred?

No, no, it cannot be; I know you jest.

*Prince.* By all the Gods, I do not, I protest.

*Fran.* Swear what you please, my duty will not let  
My faith be tempted, for to credit it.

I know too well, my merit and your own,  
It to admit, into my thoughts alone.

*Prince.* Trust me I burn, but with so chaste a flame,  
That Virgins without sin, may have the same.

*Fran.* A Princess woo'd, implease your Highness, be  
A fitter object, for your amity.

*Prince.* What's fit for me, good Madam, do not so,  
Better then I my self, pretend to know.

That's not the business, we have now in hand,  
Nor did e're Love, upon such terms yet stand.

*Fran.* Although you are a Prince, you are less free,  
Then one of us, which are of low degree.

You cannot of your self, your self dispose,  
And not the hearts, of all your subjects lose.

If love be blind, and shoots without respect,  
The King is not, nor will he you neglect,

To let you marry, where your fancy takes,  
Except he sees, it for the Kingdom makes.

So are you subject, to the Rules of State,  
And ought in reason, his consent to waite.

*Prince.* Madam, as I'me a Prince, so will I be  
As well as others, in affection free.

I value not the love, and will of those,

Who for so small a thing, will be my foes,

Do you but give consent, and I'll not waite

Nor yet subscribe, to any Rules of State.

*Fran.* Woo'd you that I to please you, shoo'd consent  
And King, and all your Subjects, discontent?

D' you make so little reck'ning of me Sir,

As your content, before my good, prefer?

In this appears, you do not truly love,  
For if you did, you woo'd more kinder prove.

*Prince.* Is it to hate you Madam, and contemn,  
To set upon your head, a Diadem ?

No, no, in it appears, I honour you,  
And that my passion, is both just and true,  
Wherefore fair soul, do not so cruel prove,  
As call that disrespect, which men call love.

*Fran.* What glory is't, upon my head to place  
A Crown of gold, and lose it with disgrace ?  
A Country Clown, I swear I'd rather wed,  
Then with such fears, approach a Princes bed.

*Prince.* These are fantastique fears, which do proceed  
From want of Love, which make ill humours breed.  
Did but his flames, once warm and heat your breast,  
You of such doubts, woo'd soon be dispossest.  
Dear Madam, make your *Prince* no longer sue,  
For that which is by love, and duty due.

*Fran.* I know my duty, bids me to obey,  
But, but, my love, implease you Sir, says nay.  
I cannot give my heart, to more then one,  
Which having done, is now no more my own.

*Prince.* What ? have I a Rival then ? good now tell  
Me Madam where, that sawcy man does dwell ?  
That I may make, his passion for to know,  
That to his *Prince*, he more respect does owe,  
Then to presume, to court where I do love,  
Although the object, may him justly move.  
Yet I was told, that no man coo'd perswade,  
You for to break, the vow that you had made,  
Of living chaste, and single all your life,  
And to no earthly creature, to be wife.

*Fran.* You hearing that, why does your Highness seek,  
The oath which I have took, to make me break ?  
It is no small offence, to Heav'n above,  
You know, so perjur'd, and forsworn to prove.

*Prince.* Were you forsworn, in pitty of my heat,  
Heav'n woo'd forgive you sure, it is so great.

*Fran.* 'Tis true I said so, but it was to try,  
And exercise his love, and constancy.

*Prince.* And who is it ? sweet Madam, be not coy  
To name the man, that must those joyes enjoy.

*Fran.* A friend of yours, and one that did so plead  
Your cause, that he has made my soul to bleed.

*Prince.* A friend of mine ? if ever he was so,  
He must henceforward, be my mortal foe.

*Fran.* How ? his mortal foe Sir ? you cannot sure  
Be so ingrate, to him which sought to cure  
Your love-sick soul, with so much care and pains,  
As if that he, thereof shoo'd reap the gains.  
Ah Heav'ns ! is't possible that one shoo'd love,  
And yet with zeal, so for another move ?  
What said he not, or what did he omit,  
Which might be able, my consent to get ?

*Prince.* He is a Traytor, Madam, and I must  
Both, to my passion, and his sin be just.

*Fran.* He is no Traytour Sir, his honest soul,  
Woo'd rather die, then do a thing so foul.

*Prince.* Instead of aid, and giving me relief,  
He has usurp't my place, and mockt my grief.

*Fran.* He has not it usurp't, it is his due,  
And fitter too for him, then 'tis for you.

*Exeunt*

*The*



*The fourth ACT, the first Scene : Enter King,  
and Cardinal.*

*King.* **W**E're glad my Lord, our business takes so well,  
With *Spain*, in case our people shoo'd rebell.  
For they will be to us, a prop and stay,  
And on occasion, help us ev'ry way.

*Card.* So that they may the better do, I heare  
For certain, there's a peace concluding there.  
Which for your Majesty, will greatly make,  
By reason of this match, if it does take.

*King.* We must my Lord, a Navy out of hand  
Make fit, to fetch that Princess to our Land,  
Who shortly as our Letters say, will be,  
Prepar'd, and ready for to put to Sea.  
This matter does, our *Admiral* require,  
Of whom to hear no news, we much admire.

*Card.* Perhaps he finds resistance in the way,  
And that by fair means, they will not obey.

*King.* If that by fair means, they will not consent,  
We will make them by foul, it to repent.

*Enter  
Marshal.*

How now *Marshal*? what have you done the feat?  
What moves you thus? and makes you have this heat?  
Where's our *Admiral*?

*Marsh* Impiease you Sir  
There's in the City, such a coyle and stir,  
Upon the knowledge, of your Highness will,  
That ev'ry one betakes him, to his Bill,  
And such like weapons, as he can procure,  
To save the one, and keep the other sure.

For to be short, they say they'le sooner die,  
 Then give up either, to your Majestie.  
 As for your *Admiral*, they are agree'd,  
 By law against him, quickly to proceed.  
 And if they find him, worthy not of Death,  
 They will by no means, take away his breath.

*King.* Ah Heav'ns ! Ah Earth ! will they give us the Law,  
 And be obey'd, when they shoo'd stand in awe ?  
 They shall be so, but they must tarry till  
 We power want, to execute our will.  
 Go muster up the Countries, ev'rywhere,  
 And tell them 'tis our pleasure, they appear,  
 Before our Royal Pallace, two dayes hence,  
 To serve us in a thing of consequence.  
 While we in Person, go for to demand,  
 My Lord, and those two Traytours, at their hand:  
 Whom, if they do refuse us, wee'le proclaim  
 Ev'ry several man, to be the same.  
 My Lord, wee'le leave the Navy to your care,  
 And out of hand, a Fleet for to prepare.

*Card.* Who shall implease your Grace, go out with it ?

*King.* He that shall seem, unto your wisdom fit !

*Exeunt.*

*The second Scene : Enter Symphrona in a Nun's  
 habit alone.*

*Sym.* **A** Dieu delights, of you I take my leave,  
 As of false joyes, which cannot more deceive.  
 Farewell fond hopes, to you I bid adieu,  
 As foes, which me more mischief cannot do.  
 If here below, it is Heav'ns sacred will,  
 That I must stay, and sojourner be still :

*Think*

Think not to tempt me, with your golden shews,  
 Which seem our friends, but prove our mortal foes.  
 No, no, I'll not my heart, on trifles set,  
 Which us forsake, so soon as we them get.  
 I'll something else, more constant surely chuse,  
 Then that which is so given, to abuse.  
 A still Religious life, henceforth shall be,  
 My Hope, my Joy, my Love, and Liberty.  
 All the pastime, and pleasure I will take,  
 Shall be with Hallelujahs, Heav'n to shake.  
 Before whose Altars, I will daily burn  
 Incense, from me, his anger for to turn.  
 With watchings, and with fastings, I'll subdue,  
 The idle thoughts, which I am subject too :  
 And have an eye, still on those Joys above,  
 Of which I'me now enamour'd, and in love.

*Fran.* Dear Madam, why thus clothed like a Nun,  
 As if you were ashamed, to see the Sun ?  
 Wherefore this longer vail ? these blacks and whites,  
 Which are Monastick, and Religious Rites ;  
 And damage much your Beauty, ev'ry way,  
 As darkness is injurious, to the day.  
 Off, off, with them, and like your self appear,  
 And do not thus Eclipse, our Hemisphere.

*Sym.* Madam, I know my beauty too too well,  
 To think such pow'r, shoud in my person dwell.  
 I leave that force, and vertue unto you,  
 Which ev'ry one does know, is but your due.  
 As for these whites, and blacks, I wou'd not them  
 Forsake I vow, to wear a Diadem.  
 There's more content, in these poor simple weeds,  
 More pleasure far, in saying o're these beads,

*Francina*  
*enters.*

Believe

Believe me Madam, then in all the sport,  
And brave Apparel, which is worn at Court.  
Those are but trifles, if compar'd with these,  
The thought alone of which, does me displease.

*Fran.* Madam, such language yet was never known,  
To part from any, but the spleen alone :  
Especially from one, so young as you,  
Which you shoo'd seek, by Physick to subdue.  
For 'tis a naughty evil, and withall,  
Begets a worse, which we green sickness call.  
'Twere pittie such a handsom piece as you,  
By such rude means, shoo'd so yourself undo.  
Shoo'd by such stricter observations dry,  
That softer skin, so in a Nunnery.

You may no doubt, please Heav'n another way,  
And in a Congregation, likewise pray,  
As well as Cloyster'd up, within a wall,  
In silks, and fattens too, if that be all.  
Dear Madam, think what you do go about,  
And that 'tis ten to one, if you hold out.

*Sym.* There's nothing like, unto a willing mind,  
Which Heav'n be prayesd, strong in me I find.  
As for the spleen, I woo'd that you shoo'd know,  
This zeal does nothing, unto that humour owe.  
No, no, sweet Madam, 'tis so pure a flame,  
That if you knew't, you woo'd not blame the same.

*Fran.* I do not blame it Madam, but I know  
These holy thoughts, do from my brother grow.  
Had he not been took, by the Turks at Sea,  
You nee're had thought, upon a Nunnery.

*Sym.* Heav'n who does so wisely order all,  
To whom we subject are, both great and small ;

Decreed'd no doubt, from all Eternity,  
That this my good, from his mischance shoo'd be.  
To whose misfortune, I'm content to owe,  
This resolution, since it must be so.

*Fran.* But Madam, 'tis not for devotion sake,  
If ought respect, makes you this course to take:  
That which is pleasing unto Heav'n above,  
Is when one does so, meerly out of love.  
But as I've said, perhaps my brother may,  
By some devise, escape and get away.  
Which if he shoo'd, you'd wish when 'tis too late,  
That e're you enter'd, so severe a Gate:

*Sym.* Madam 'tis true, I care not who does know,  
I love my Lord, 'bove ought that's here below,  
Except my honour, which I do esteem,  
Equal with that, which one cannot redeem.  
Yet when in competition, Heav'n shall come,  
Your Brother by your favour, must make room:  
Since that to Heav'n, I do not only owe,  
My present being, but my soul you know :  
To whom I am resolv'd, my self to vow,  
Shoo'd he arrive, for to dissuade me now.

*Fran.* Look where he is, as if that he were sent,  
By kinder Heav'n, to hinder your intent.  
Welcome dear brother, from the Turkish Coast,  
Whom we did fear, for ever we had lost.  
Ah Heav'ns ! may I believe, and trust my sight,  
Or is't his spirit, intervenes my light ?  
Speak brother, speak, and with your voice make good,  
That which your outward shew, makes understood.

*Bell.* As men o'recome with Joy do silent seem,  
Until their former spirits, they redeem.

*Bellarions*  
enters.

So I dear Sister, with such like excess,  
 Am stricken dumb, and cannot it express.  
 To see *Symphrona*, whom I long'd to see,  
 But with more passion, then can utter'd be.  
 Fair *Symphrona*, whose absence was to me,  
 More pain by far, then my captivity.  
 What ! is my *Symphrona* likewise dumb ?  
 Or else heard-hearted, is she now become ?  
 Does my appearance, Madam, trouble you,  
 That you so sad, and heavy now do shew ?  
 Alas ! I wisht my freedom, but to have,  
 Only the honour, for to be your slave.  
 Which if you do deny me, I shall be,  
 Sorry that e're I fought, my liberty.

*Sym.* The same excess, whereof you spake of now,  
 So ev'ry part about me, seiz'd I vow :  
 That had the world, the purchase been to speak,  
 To purchase it, I had been then to seek :  
 So much I do rejoyce, at your return,  
 But sorry am, that you for me shoo'd burn.

*Bell.* For whom within my breast, shoo'd I have fire,  
 If that for you, I may not have desire ?

*Sym.* For those my Lord, which merit more then I,  
 For to be short, I've vow'd Virginity.

*Bell.* Indeed your habit sayes so, but your mind  
 I do believe, more gentle and more kind.

*Sym.* My inside, and my outside, are alike.

*Bell.* Ah Heav'ns ! how me with wonder you do strike !  
 Recall those words, except it be your will,  
 That they forthwith, shoo'd murder me and kill.

*Sym.* I woo'd if that I coo'd, but 'tis too late,  
 I must not love, and yet I cannot hate.

*aside.*  
*Bell.*

*Bell.* Good Gods ! was ever Lover like to me ?

Compar'd with this, sweet is Captivity.

Sweet is the usage of a Turk, I swear,

For half so cruel, they did nee're appear.

*Fran.* You are *Symphrona*, too too constant now,

*Sym.* Woo'd you with Heav'n, that I shoo'd break my vow ?

*Bell.* She's rather too inconstant, you may say.

*Sym.* Rather but careful, Heav'n for to obey.

*Bell.* Heav'n is too just, to bid you do a thing,

Which to another, will such damage bring ;

And to your self, if you remember how,

When I departed, you did constant vow.

*Sym.* Am I inconstant, 'cause I heard you were,

Took by the Turks, to be in bondage there ?

Who then believing, you woo'd nee're escape,

Made me transform my self, into this shape.

And too likewise, with none but Heav'n to wed,

So loathsom to me, was anothers bed.

Which vow now I have made, I mean to keep ; -

Did I not know, the profit I shall reap ?

*Bell.* You were too hasty Madam, for to make,

A vow, which you did mean, such root shoo'd take,

As nought but Death, shoo'd cancel and make void.

Then there's no hopes, by you to be enjoy'd ?

*Sym.* No, none at all, the most that I can do,

Is to go home my Lord, and pray for you.

*Exit.*

*Bell.* Ah Sister ! how is it likely, I shoo'd live,

When she that giveth life, denies to give !

*Fran.* 'Tis very strange, that one that did so love,

Shoo'd to so rash a vow, so constant prove !

I cannot chuse, but blame in this your chance ;

This had not been, had you not gone to *France*.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* But did she love me sister ? are you sure ?  
Did she for me, ought trouble e're endure ?

*Fras.* She did upon my word, so much that I,  
Nee're thought shee'd stand to this, so constantly.

*Bell.* The greater's my misfortune, if she did,  
Wherefore to grieve, I must not be forbid.

*Exeunt.*

*The third Scene : Enter Zorates and Selucious.*

*Zor.* **T**HE City their affection to us shew :  
If that the Countrey, will but do so too,  
We shall be able, to reform the King,  
And in this Kingdom, ev'ry living thing.  
We out of hand, the *Admiral* must try,  
All sorts of people, for to satisfie :  
Whom if we find, by Law to merit Death,  
We must not spare, to take away his breath.  
'Tis better one shoo'd perish, then that all  
Shoo'd run the hazard, utterly to fall.

*Selu.* The King this morning, very early went,  
Into the City, with a full intent,  
For to lay hold on us, and set him free,  
Shewing unto them, his authority.  
Who as I hear, what words so e're he us'd,  
Both he, and we, unto him, were refus'd.  
What he will do, it does not yet appear,  
But if the City stand's, we need not fear.

*Zor.* My life for yours, they will be to us true,  
And do likewise, what in them lies to do.  
They have already, of their own accord,  
In our defence, pluckt out and drawn their sword.

What



What will they do, then for the common cause,  
 For their Religion, Liberty and Laws ?  
 That which I fear, and which does give me pain,  
 Is this same match, concluded now with *Spain*.

*Selu.* If that be all, it needs not trouble you,  
 Since they have work enough, at home to do.  
 That marriage for the present, cannot be,  
 Much advantagious; to his Majesty :  
 By reason, that they are, so poor become,  
 They cannot give, a considerable sum :  
 So much the war, betwixt the French and them,  
 Has ruined, that glorious Diadem.

*Zor.* To try them farther, we must to them make  
 A proposition, the *Cardinal* to take :  
 Shewing unto them, how we cannot be,  
 So long as he does live, in surety :  
 Which if with zeal, we find them to embrace,  
 We need not fear, to disoblige his Grace :  
 For all unto our wishes, wou'd succeed,  
 Were we but of that Animal, once rid.

*Exeunt.*

*The fourth Scene : Enter Prince alone.*

*Prince.* **H**OW Nature was deceiv'd, when she made me !  
 No doubt but her intent, was I shou'd be,  
 Free from all manner, of contempt and scorn,  
 When she design'd, a *Prince* I shou'd be born.  
 Unhappy Planet, under whom this earth,  
 Received first its form, and then its birth,  
 Why did'st thou destine me unto a Crown,  
 Yet make me more unhappy, then a Clown !

For

For which of all my Subjects, I woo'd know,  
 Does more then I, unto thy malice owe ?  
 Or rather, why did Love make me presume,  
 To chuse a lodging, where there was no room ?  
 To strike so deep, into my brest a Dart,  
 For one, that is not Mistress of her heart ?  
**Ah** Heav'ns! have I not reason to complain,  
 To be a Prince, and yet to sue in vain ?  
 To court my Subject, and to be refus'd,  
 And by him who I trusted, thus abus'd ?  
 Good Gods ! whom with our secrets, shall we trust,  
 If that our bosom friends, prove so unjust ?  
 To whom shall we, our thoughts, communicate,  
 If those whom we oblige, prove so ingrate ?  
 Had he dealt freely with me, and made known,  
 His passion to me, but by sign alone :  
 I shoo'd have had compassion, on his flame,  
 'Tis ten to one, and nee're have mov'd the same.  
 Or had I once believ'd, or else but known,  
 That Love had but possess'd, her thoughts alone :  
 By all that's just, I do protest and vow,  
 I had condemn'd, and scorn'd her long e're now.  
 I shoo'd have unto Reason, then obey'd,  
 And by my passion, been not so o'resway'd,  
 As so against my honour, to commit,  
 An action of a *Prince*, so much unfit,  
 As love a creature, which can find her heart,  
 To any, the least favour to impart.

*Non.* Sir 'tis my fortune still, to b'e in the way,  
 When that the King, has ought to you to say.  
 His pleasure is, you shoo'd attend him strait,  
 Implease you, at the privy Garden Gate.

*Nonactions*  
*enters.*

*Prince.*

*Prince.* It is thy fortune rather, thou may'st boast,  
To be a Traytor, what face so e're thou shew'st.

*Non.* A Traytor Sir? It is so rude a sound.  
The name, without the guilt, my soul does wound.  
I hope you think not so, what e're you say,  
Or if you do, here take away my Day.  
Let him not live, a minuit longer Sir,  
That does your life, not 'fore his own prefer.  
But let the Traytor, an example be,  
By your quick vengeance, to posterity.

*Prince.* No, no, my friend, 'tis fit thou shoo'dst have time,  
For to repent, and likewise know thy crime.  
I wou'd not do thy soul, such wrong I swear,  
As send it unto Hell, for any Fair.

*Non.* For any Fair! good Heav'n who is't I'de know,  
Can be so fair, to make me thither go?  
Where dwells the creature, that I so shoo'd love,  
As for her sake, a Traytor I wou'd prove?

*Prince.* Thou know'st her lodging, better then I do,  
VWhat ignorance soever, thou may'st shew.  
Yes, yes, thou do'st, false-hearted as thou art,  
In whom no vertue, ever yet had part.  
Thou know'st *Francina*, do'st not very well?  
'Tis there, 'tis there, thy sawcy love does dwell.  
'Tis there, 'tis there, thy passion does pretend,  
Offending so at once, thy *Prince* and friend.  
Good Heav'ns! who wou'd have thought thou wou'dst have prov'd,  
So much ingrate, as such a thing have mov'd:  
Consid'ring that to thee, I made it known,  
As to a person, I esteem'd alone:  
As one I thought, so honest and so true,  
It was but just, and reason so to do.

Yet notwithstanding, thou hast dealt with me,  
 As if I had been thy sworn enemy :  
 And made no conscience, to betray the trust,  
 I put in thee, which I conceiv'd so just.  
 Say ? didst thou love her ? or, did she love thee,  
 •Fore thee I chose , my messenger to be ?  
 VVhy did'st thou then, to me not make it known,  
 That I might have resolv'd, t'have let't alone ?  
 Or if thou saw'st, my passion was so great,  
 That nought but Death, cou'd take away the heat ;  
 VVhy did'st thou riot, in duty to my flame,  
 Hazard thy life, for to maintain the same ?  
 Prefer thy Princes ease, before thy own ?  
 Had'st thou been honest, thou woo'dst so have done.  
 Speak man ! thou waxest pale when thou shood'st blush,  
 As if thou car'dst not, for thy sin a rush.  
 Ah Heavens ! what height of wickedness is this,  
 Not to be sorry, when one does amiss !  
 Confess thy fault, before I send thy earth,  
 Unto the place, where 'twas before thy birth.  
 Repent, repent, thou knowest thy offence,  
 And at the least, say something in pretence.  
 VVhat ? art thou deaf ? or hast thou lost thy speech ?  
 Or does thy guilt, to thee this silence teach ?  
 Speak Traytor, speak, for to prevent my arm,  
 Before thou answer'st me, to do thee harm.  
*Ans.* Sir were I guilty, as you think I am,  
 I shoo'd be glad, you woo'd correct the same.  
 Nor woo'd I speak, your fury to prevent,  
 Had I this present, any such intent.  
 It woo'd implease you Sir, be somewhat rude,  
 •Me by my silence, faulty to conclude.

The news you tell me, is to me so strange,  
 That quite and clean, it does my nature change :  
 As when some sudden mischief, we do hear,  
 We pale, and speechless, presently appear.  
 I must confess, I have *Francina* lov'd,  
 And some such thing, unto her likewise mov'd :  
 But 'twas before your passion, did appear,  
 And for my motion, I was neere the near :  
 For did you know, but with what scorn and pride,  
 She answer'd me Sir, and my sute deny'd :  
 You'd pittie me, and say she was too blame,  
 To use so hardly, such an honest flame :  
 Which was the reason, I was loth to move;  
 You may be pleas'd to call to mind, your Love :  
 For fear Sir, that your business for my sake,  
 Might not unto your wishes, fully take.

*Prince.* That fear was needless, I must tell thee, since  
 It was a message, sent her from a Prince.  
 What scorn so e're, she might have us'd to thee,  
 Was no conclusion, shee'd do so to me.  
 Go, go, this is a very poor pretence,  
 And little serves, to colour thy offence.

*Non.* Just Heav'n which knows, the hearts of all full well,  
 Will never send my soul, for this to Hell.  
 VVere I but faulty, only but in this,  
 I might presume, I never did amiss.  
 As for such fear you say, there was no need,  
 How oft are men, forc't for their Right to plead ?  
 And after all their pains, likewise at last  
 For want of a good Pleader, too are cast ?  
 Yet did you know, or woo'd you but believe,  
 The pains I took, to make her to conceive

Her interest, and how you loved her,  
You woo'd not judge so hardly, of me Sir.

*Prince.* Men judge thou know'st, of things by the event,  
And I from her own mouth, pass my judgement.

*Non.* From her own mouth ! what is't implease your Grace ?

*Prince.* That thou hast in her heart, the chiefest place.

*Non.* That she loves me ! Oh Sir it cannot be,  
Since she woo'd never marry, she told me.  
I will not say your Highness, is deceiv'd,  
But I may say, 'tis hard to be believ'd.  
D' you think it likely, she woo'd me prefer,  
My birth, and fortune, 'fore your self great Sir ?  
No, no, 'tis not : whatever she may say,  
She does but with my former passion play.  
VVomen Sir, too ambitious are you know,  
To let a Crown, and Scepter so to go.  
Had she a mind, to go to any's bed,  
She woo'd no doubt, your Highness quickly wed.  
The name of Queen, is such a pleasing bit,  
That ev'ry one, is greedy after it.

*Prince.* VVhich makes me think, thou hast by Magick art,  
Rather abus'd, then fairly got her heart.  
For if 'twere otherwise, why shoo'dst thou gain,  
That with such ease, which I cannot with pain ?

*Non.* That I to gain her heart shoo'd witchcraft use,  
And so not only her, but you abuse !  
Oh Sir, you told me, you woo'd send this earth  
Unto the place where 'twas before its birth:  
Do, do it quickly, for to rid my pain,  
And me remove from that, which you call gain.  
Let nor this body, which is so possess'd,  
Here in this world Sir, any longer rest ;

But send it headlong, quickly down to Hell,  
 There with its black Companions, for to dwell.  
 Yet 'fore I die, here on my bended knee,  
 Do I bequeath *Francina*, willingly.  
 All, all the interest, which I have in her,  
 Henceforward I do give, unto you Sir.  
 And wish she may so to your wishes prove;  
 That you may nee're repent you e're did love.  
 I know she is too poor, a gift for you,  
 But I can do no more, then I can do.  
 Since that my life to you, is so suspect,  
 'Tis fit my Death, shoo'd witness my respect.

*Stabs himself.*

*Prince.* Hold goodness, hold, I woo'd not be the cause,  
 That thou shoo'dst so transgress, Dame Natures Laws,  
 As be unto thy self, so much unkind,  
 Because my passion, is so monstrous blind.  
 He goes, Ah Heav'ns, woo'd I had now the pow'r,  
 To keep Death hence, but only for an how'r.  
 To let him see, before he shuts his eyes,  
 How this last action, does me sacrifice.  
 To thank his kindness, and to let him know,  
 How much unto his virtue, I do owe.  
 He stirs not yet, good Gods assist my hand,  
 To raise him up, and likewise make him stand.  
 I was too blame, by Heav'n I was unjust,  
 To recompence his pains, with such mistrust.  
 I feel no breath, there does no life appear,  
 What wo'd *Francina* say, were she now here :  
 To see her dearest Dear, thus speechless lye,  
 Upon the ground, and I here standing by ?  
 See where she comes, as if she summon'd were  
 By his last breath, this instant to appear.

*Francina  
 enters.*

*Fran.* I dreamt last night, a very scurvy dream,  
Which strange unto my soul, I vow does seem.  
Which is the cause, of this my coming here,  
Nor out of hopes 'tis true, but out of fear.  
At twelve a Clock, the hower I do keep,  
I was no sooner laid, to go to sleep,  
But presently into my thoughts, did come,  
My Lord past by this way; unto his Tomb.  
Something there was, about the *Prince* likewise,  
But in a fright, I striving for to rise,  
Was the occasion, I forgot the rest,  
Being at that time, with too much posselt:

*Prince.* Something of me ! good Madam be so kind,  
As for my sake, to call it unto mind :  
That I may likewise, know my Destine too,  
Since that your dreams, do prove so fatal true.  
Alas ! behold him there, that lieth dead,  
And ready for his Tomb, as you have sey'd.

*Fran.* Ah Heav'ns ! my Lord here speechless on the ground,  
And on his body, seems to have a wound !  
Tell me ye stars, who has this mischief done;  
That I may also, him deprive of Sun ?  
Ah ! speak my Lord ? and let me not in vain,  
Thus with my sighs, and tears, you entertain.  
Requite not thus, my former scorn sweet Sir,  
Who does your Love, before her life prefer.  
Who sorry is, that e're she was so blind,  
To have been to *Nonantious*, so unkind.  
Speak, speak, I say, or else give me the pow'r,  
Ye juster Heav'ns, to live not out this hower.  
*A Prince !* is this the issue of your flame ?  
Did you make love to me, to do the same ?



To do a thing, s' unworthy of your Crown,  
And which will blast for ever, your renown ?

*Non.* Madam, the *Prince* is clear, 'tis on'y I  
Am guilty of this murther, certainly

*Prince.* Oh kindness 'bove expression ! to revive  
A purpose only, me for to forgive.

*Fran.* The *Prince* is clear ? then speak it o're agin,  
For to confirm, he did not do this sin.  
For shoo'd I for once hearing, it believe,  
I might my self, and hearing too deceive.

*Non.* He's clear.

*Fran.* And I it is that guilty am.  
The *Prince* not any hand, has in the same.  
No, no, the *Prince* is free, and too too good,  
To have a hand, in any Subjects blood.  
To me alone, thou doest this murther owe,  
For 'twas my self, which gave thee this same blow.  
It was my cruelty, made thee dispair,  
And so to live, made thee not much to care.  
How oft hast thou, unworthy as I am,  
Made known to me, the danger of thy flame,  
By thy discourse, discover'd unto me,  
Thy certain ruine of necessity :  
And I more harder, then the marble stone,  
Nee're took so much as notice, of thy moane !  
Forgive me if thou canst, I prethee now,  
For I will for my sin, Religious vow.

*Prince.* Religious Madam ! do not so, I pray,  
If you the Dead, make conscience to obey.  
He has bequeath'd you, unto me by will,  
And I expect, that you shoo'd it fulfill.

Do not to his misfortune, add a worse,  
 So by resolving, for to take that course.  
 No, no, dear Madam, but resolve to be  
 Henceforth more gentles and more kind to me.  
 What pleasure can you take within a wall?  
 In whites, and blacks, you must be cloath'd with all?  
 So early rise, and go to bed so late,  
 And in devotion, all the day to waite?  
 To fast so often, and be subject too,  
 To those, which are inferiour, unto you.  
 And for the least offence, you shall commit,  
 B<sup>e</sup> enjoyn'd a pennance, ten times more then it,  
 A Crown wou'd be more fitter for you far,  
 So young, and beautiful, as now you are.  
 For to command, and not commanded be,  
 And ev'ry day, feed most deliciously.  
 Rise at what how'r you please, and go to bed,  
 And there be sported, till you're almost dead.  
 Nothing but silks, and fattens, 'bout you wear,  
 And next your skin, fine cloth instead of hair.  
 The roundest, whitest Pearl, that can be found,  
 Either in *Europe*, or in *Asia* ground,  
 For to adorn that neck, which is so white,  
 Which to behold alone, gives men delight:  
 When you are sad, have fools to make you mirth,  
 And to content you, riddle the whole earth.  
 These wou'd more proper for you, Madam be,  
 Then such hard lodging in a Nunnery.

*Fran.* Sir for your love, and kindness, I do owe,  
 Unto your Princely bounty, much I know:  
 Since that my merit, is so poor and small,  
 'Tat your hands, can challenge nought at all.

Yet am I not, nor House nor Land to be,  
 Bequeath'd by Will, unto your Majestie.  
 My Love is free, now that my Lord is dead,  
 And I may chuse, where I will ever wed.  
 As for the life, which seems so hard to you,  
 There's nought to me, more easie for to do.  
 To rise up early, and go late to bed,  
 And nee're with dainties all my life be fed;  
 Is that implease you Sir, which I do love,  
 Because 'tis pleasing, unto Heav'n above.  
 For to be brief, those rigours I prefer,  
 Before the pleasures, you have told me Sir.  
 And am resolv'd, forthwith to take that course,  
 As men do wives, for better or for worse.

*Prince.* Since that a Crown, sweet Madam, nor my love  
 Has not the pow'r, your purpose to remove:  
 Heav'n be your guide, good Madam pray for me,  
 And pardon this my importunity.

*Exeunt.*

*The fifth ACT, the first Scene: Enter King,  
 and followers.*

*King.* **L** Eave us. Just Heav'n to you I owe my Crown, *Exeunt.*  
 And when you please, you may too pluck it down.

'Twas you that put this Scepter in my hand,  
 And to you for't alone, I debter stand.  
 Instead of making me a mighty King,  
 You might have made me, an inferiour thing;  
 'Twas all at your dispose, and sacred will,  
 And to my nothing, may reduce me still.

Do so kind Heav'n, much rather then permit,  
 That to my Subjects, I shoo'd e're submit.  
 That e're I shoo'd be subject, to their Law,  
 And be compell'd, of them to stand in awe.  
 Oh let not after ages, for to come,  
 With any such report, molest my Tomb.  
 Let not my Epitaph, be underwrit,  
 Here lies a King, did such a thing commit.  
 Here lies a King, which only had the name,  
 But not the power, to maintain the same.  
 Dishonour not your self, so much in me,  
 As suffer such a thing, in Historie.  
 But as you have ordain'd me here below,  
 Your Deputy, to men your will to shew:  
 So give me power, likewise to subdue,  
 Such as refuse, your pleasure for to do:  
 And help my arm, to make them for to feel,  
 What 'tis with your Anointed, so to deal.

*Prince.* I heard not long since from a servants hand,  
 How that your Majestie, did me demand.

*King.* 'Tis true, 'twas that you might your self prepare,  
 To meet the Spanish Princess, at Gomare.  
 The place she will strike in at, without faile,  
 Within these two dayes, if she have a Gale.

*Prince.* To do your pleasure Sir, I'll make me fit,  
 And to that purpose, all things ready get.  
 I had no mind to't, heretofore 'tis true,  
 But now see my fault, and error too:  
 And do the rest, repent with all my soul,  
 My disobedience, seems to me so foul.

*King.* We Fathers, better then our Children know,  
 What's good for them, how rough so e're we show.

*Prince  
enters.*

*Pray*

Pray be not sparing, of our purse at all,  
That no discredit, to us may befall.  
But use such Pomp, and State, as shall be due,  
Both to her Person, and likewise to you.

*Prince.* There shall be nothing wanting, on my part,  
Implease you Sir, to testifie my heart.

And to report, your Greatness ev'ry where,  
If Art, or Cost, can make it to appear.

*Exit.*

*King.* Unhappy *Prince*, for to be heir unto  
My Crown, and Scepter, and to have to do  
VVith such rebellious people, as he must,  
VVhen I shall be returned, to my Dust.  
Coo'd I but once, them to obedience bring,  
How I shoo'd think my self, a happy King!

*Lycas.* Implease you Sir, I'me sorry for to bring,  
Such heavy tydings, to so great a King.

*Lycas*  
*enters.*

I 'fore I came, did with my self dispute,  
Whether or no, I shoo'd presume to do't.  
But when I call'd to mind, it woo'd be known,  
I thought I coo'd, but make my duty shown.

*King.* What ? more misfortune yet ? when shall I be,  
Ye Gods, I faine woo'd know, from trouble free ?

Am I the mark, of all your rage and scorn ?

Or with such jewels, do ye Crowns adorn ?

Well, out with it, for I am sure at worst,

It cannot be well worser, then the first.

*Lycas.* The *Cardinal* just now, implease your Grace,  
Was apprehended, in his own Pallace.

And carry'd by the people, thence away,

Unto the Castle, for to die men say.

In going thither, he was shrewdly hurt,

So did the vulgar sort, throw stones and dirt.

*King.*

*King.* The *Cardinal* us'd thus ! good Heav'n is't true?  
 Then give me over, to their malice too.  
 Oh give me not a being, worse then Death,  
 For so 'twill be, when he shall lose his breath.  
 Here take your Crown, and Crown your self with it,  
 For on my head, it can no longer sit.  
 Next unto you, 'twas he that kept it on,  
 And 'twill fall off no doubt, when he is gone.  
 Where is the man, so able and so wise,  
 On all occasions, me for to advise ?  
 Who understands, and too withall is true,  
 To that which he does undertake to do :  
 To whom may I with safety, now impart,  
 The dearest thought, that lodges in my heart ?  
 Ah Heav'n's ! is't possible you shoo'd forget,  
 Your Greatness so, as such a thing permit ?  
 Let him, who offers incense at your Altars be  
 Us'd by the people, so irreverently !  
 Rowse up your-self, and do not fall asleep,  
 When you shoo'd wake, your servants for to keep :  
 And work with me, these Rebels to subdue,  
 Which do not care a rush, for me nor you.

*Marsh.* 'Bove twenty thousand men well chosen Sir,  
 Which do your ease, before their lives prefer,  
 Are marching t'wards your Pallace with all speed,  
 To help your Majestie, if there be need.

*King.* What man ! twenty thousand men ! this is news  
 Which likes us well, if you don't us abuse :  
 We are not yet, so ill belov'd we see,  
 Nor yet so poor, as we were thought to be,  
 If this be certain, which Heav'n grant it may,  
 And that before we strike, they may obey.

*Marshal*  
*enters.*

*Sotus.* Impleafe you Sir, the *Prince* sent me in post,  
To tell you, that on this *Polonian* Coast,  
Is safe arrived with a mighty Train,  
The Princess *Flora*, so belov'd in *Spain*.  
Fifty sail of Ships, of a thousand Tuns,  
Each carr'ing threescore Tire, of brafen Guns,  
Are full of souldiers, for to help your Grace,  
In case, your subjects, shoo'd not give you place.

*Sotus*  
enters.

*King.* Fifty sail of Ships! and so many men!  
Is news which does exceed, the first agen.  
Kind Heav'n forgive me, if I did contemn,  
Before I was aware, my Diadem.  
It was my passion, made me to despair,  
But now I see, you have of me a care.  
Here, kifs our hand, come *Marshal* let us go,  
And see what we can do, to win our foe.  
If that by fair means, they will yield those Lords,  
We will not notwithstanding, draw our swords.

*Exeunt.*

*The second Scene : Enter Zorates and Selucious.*

*Zor.* **T**HE *King* I hear is, twenty thousand strong,  
Besides the guard, which to him does belong :  
And does intend, within an how'r or two,  
To storm the City, if report sayes true.  
We must forthwith, give order to unarm,  
All those, which we suspect may do us harm.  
Lest that a factious party, shoo'd arise,  
Within the City, and so it surprize.  
Whil'st that the Train-bands, issu'd forth shall be,  
To hinder, and keep out, the enemy.

*Selu.*

*Selu.* Your care is good, and in it does appear,  
 The love unto your Countrey, you do bear.  
 But I do wonder, how the *King* shoo'd be,  
 So strong as you do say, so suddenly.  
 Since that the Country, seem'd with as much zeal,  
 To be transported, for the Common-weal,  
 As e're the City did, awhile ago,  
 Who now are fallen off, if it be so.

*Zor.* Fallen off they are not, perhaps some few,  
 For want of means, despairing what to do,  
 Do hope hereafter, for to bear full saile,  
 If that the *King*, against us, shoo'd prevaile.  
 And so grow rich, who was before so poor,  
 By the assistance, of anothers store.  
 Were it not so, they wou'd not take that course,  
 They knowing at the worst, they can't be worse.

*Selu.* The scurvy news, that I did lately hear,  
 Does with good reason, me possesse with fear.  
 I hear the King of *France*, has sign'd a Peace,  
 And that the wars, 'twixt him and *Spain* do cease :  
 Which is a thing, we ought to lay to heart,  
 Since neither, I am sure, will take our part.  
 As for the King of *Spain*, he will be sure,  
 To act his part, our ruine to procure,  
 By reason of the match, not made long since,  
 Between the Princess *Flora*, and our Prince.  
 We shall do well, unto the *King* to send,  
 Propositions, if he his ear will lend :  
 To make a way, unto a happy peace,  
 And that our Arms, without a blow may cease :  
 For shoo'd we stay, until he has more pow'r,  
 We may perchance, repent we lost this how'r.



We know not what a King, incens'd may do,  
 Especially when he, has power too.  
 Wherein, wee'le humbly shew unto his Grace,  
 That for the Kingdoms good, he must displace,  
 The Lord High *Admiral*, and too withall,  
 Prohibit from the Court, the *Cardinal*.  
 How that we are so tender, of his ease,  
 And so unwilling, him for to displease,  
 That though by his own Laws, they ought to die,  
 They shall not suffer, that extremity.  
 But only out of hatred, to their crime,  
 Be banisht out the Kingdom, for a time.  
 To which, if he shoo'd please for to consent,  
 We ought therewith, our selves for to content.  
 What good wil't do us for to see them die ?  
 'Twill but proclaim to men, our cruelty :  
 And set the *King* against us, more and more,  
 In doing so, then e're he was before.  
 The chance of war's uncertain, he may get,  
 The better on't, for ought that we know yet :  
 Which if he shoo'd, what woo'd become of us,  
 Him having treated, with all rigour thus ?  
 Zor. This fear to tell you plainly, is not just,  
 Nor is it safe, you any more to trust.  
 Your language is flegmatick, like your Age,  
 And speaks you Coward, and not very sage.  
 Shoo'd *France*, and *Spain*, and all the world conspire,  
 To ruine us, and frustrate our desire,  
 We will go on, and make them for to know,  
 They never yet encounter'd, such a foe.  
 After such sins, d' you think wee'le be content,  
 To let them live, although in banishment.

No, no, the only way to be secure,  
 Is now we have them, for to make them sure.  
 A coal but left unquench'd, may fire a Town,  
 And wee'le dispatch them, though the King does frown,  
 For fear hereafter, they shoo'd come again,  
 And so reform the Kingdom, but in vain.  
 VVhat need we fear his anger ? 'tis the Law,  
 VVe ought to apprehend, and stand in awe.  
 VVhich Law, so long as we do but obey,  
 VVe need not care, what men of us do say.  
 Nor fear ought forraign, or domestick force,  
 For Heav'n's too just, to prosper such a course,

*Cro.* 'Tis over all the Town, that with a Pow'r,  
 The Spanish Princess's landed at this how'r :  
 And's marching withall speed, unto the King,  
 Unto his Highness, succours for to bring.  
 The City's at their wits end, what to do,  
 And do desire, for to advise with you.

*Selu.* What think you now ? my fear was it now just ?  
 Another time, will you my counsel trust ?

*Zor.* Ah Heav'ns ! who wou'd have thought we e're shoo'd be,  
 Reduc'd, to any such perplexity ?  
 VVho wou'd have thought, thou wou'dst have left us so,  
 To be thus put to't, by a forraign foe ?  
 How many say they's landed on our shore ?

*Cro.* Forty thousand armed men ; some say more :

*Zor.* Forty thousand ! a little number too.  
 And we must think too, what we have to do.

*Crooks*  
*enters.*

*Exeunt.*

*The*  
*How*

*The third Scene : Enter Bellarious.*

*Bell.* **S***ymphrona* turn Religious ! can it be ?  
 Ah Heav'ns ! why gave ye me my liberty ?  
 Why to my prayers, did ye bend your ear,  
 When that ye knew, *Symphrona* woo'd not hear ?  
 When that ye knew, *Symphrona's* cruel mind,  
 Why to my wishes, did ye prove so kind ?  
 Woo'd I among the Turks, had stay'd till now,  
 And never to come thence, had made a vow :  
 I shoo'd have been more quiet in my mind,  
 Then now I am, to see her thus unkind.  
 Ah Love ! is this the Joy you promis'd me ?  
 Reward you thus, a Lovers constancy ?  
 Is this the recompence, of all my pain ?  
 Of all my sighs, and tears, is this the gain ?  
 Then henceforth Lovers, warned be by me,  
 With women never more, in love to be.  
 But why blame I *Symphrona* ? no, thy choice  
 As't makes me sad, so does it me rejoyce.  
 Thou'st chosen well *Symphrona*, and I am  
 Contented to be rival'd, by thy flame.  
 And Love, as she's resolv'd, so am I too,  
 Ne'e're with thy weapons, more to have to do,  
 But quietly, into some silent wood,  
 Where noise of birds, is only understood,  
 Will I retire my self, to live and die,  
 And meditate upon Eternity ;  
 Calling to mind, the shortness of this life,  
 How full it is of Evils, and of strife.

How ev'ry thing, which we court here below,  
 VVith so much passion, soon away does go.  
 Come, come, my soul, and let us search a Cell,  
 VVhere thee, and I, most lovingly will dwell.

Exit.

*The fourth Scene: Enter Francina alone.*

*Fran.* **H**OW quiet are my thoughts, me thinks since I  
 Resolv'd to go, into a Nunnery!  
 Since I resolv'd, to bid this world adieu,  
 And with its follies, have no more to do.  
 The time that I have spent, to make me brave,  
 And nee're so much as thought, upon a Grave.  
 Nee're call'd to mind, this body which I fed  
 VVith so much care, must one day Earth re-wed.  
 The howers I at Cards, have play'd away,  
 And never thought, upon my latter day!  
 Nee're thought upon, the Count which I must give,  
 For all my actions, when I cease to live!  
 How I have study'd, mortals for to move,  
 And been with ev'ry thing, but Heav'n in love!  
 Kind Heav'n forgive me, and accept the vow  
 VVhich I intend to make, unto you now.  
 Madam, the business I do come about,  
 VVill make you wonder, and admire no doubt.  
 It is a thing, so hard for to believe,  
 That you'll have pain, it meerly to conceive.

Symphona  
enters.

*Sym.* Pray save me so much pain, and let me hear  
 That which you think, will so much stun my ear.  
 Yet if that one may judge, by outward show,  
 Your habit speaks you, to this world a foe.

Fran.

*Fran.* You have it Madam, I am so indeed,  
 And so will make it, to appear with speed.  
 I hate this world, and all that is in it,  
 And am resolv'd, it utterly to quit.  
 The sweet discourse, you made of Heav'n above,  
 Did take me so, that I'me thereof in love.  
 And do intend, to pass my dayes with you,  
 If you so Madam, please to let me do.

*Sym.* With all my soul sweet Madam, I rejoyce  
 That you at last, have made so good a choice.  
 And cannot chuse, but wonder as you say,  
 That you shoo'd fancy, so divine a way.  
 You may be sure, the husband you do take,  
 Will use you well, and never you forsake,  
 As other husbands, too too often do,  
 To such as merit otherwise you know.  
 Besides for Dowry, he will give you Heav'n;  
 Which is the greatest gift, that can be given:  
 Not for a moment, but for e're and e're,  
 Which is a term, 'mongst men you'll meet with nee're.  
 Come sister, let us go, and make an end,  
 Of that which you do tell me, you intend.  
 For that's the name I'll henceforth call you by,  
 Since you resolve, to vow Virginity.

*Fran.* 'Tis too much honour Madam, to be so,  
 Pray Heav'n in vertue, I may like you grow.

*The fifth Scene : Enter King,  
and followers.*

*King.* **R**etire, Ah Heav'ns you know how 'gainst my will, *Exeunt.*  
I go about, my Subjects blood to spill.

With what remorse, this sword of mine I draw,

To make my people, to obey my Law.

Woo'd they woo'd see their folly, and let go

Those Lords which I demand, without a blow.

Or woo'd you'd be so kind, as tell me how,

My honour I might save, and fight not now:

For what can I, by such a battle get,

Although I conquer, but a sad regret !

*Marsh.* A hundred thousand men, implease your Grace,

*Marshal  
enters.*

Are marching out the Town a mighty pace ;

With an intent the Spanish force to meet,

And home again, them back again to beat.

As many too behind, are said to be,

Provided well, to charge your Majestie,

In case you shoo'd Sir, with your Royal force,

Go forward, for to interrupt their course.

My opinion, the best way you can take,

Is with them, an agreement for to make :

And condescend, to that they stand upon,

If to no easier terms, they can't be won :

For all the common people, with one heart,

Resolve with goods, and lives, to take their part.

I've divers reasons, which doe me perswade,

To advise your Majestie, as I have said.

But that which chiefly moves me, I protest,

Is that the *Prince*, will fight amongst the rest.

*Now*

Now as the chance of war's, not sure at all,  
 So may it be his fortune, for to fall.  
 Which if he shoo'd, I'me sure that you wou'd give,  
 Those Lords, and Kingdom too, to make him live.  
 Besides the Princess, whom you tender so,  
 If that she shoo'd be taken, by the foe,  
 You are not certain, how they'll use her Sir,  
 Which may hereafter, cause an endless stir  
 Between your Highness, and the King of *Spain*,  
 Treating so ill, his daughter and her Train.  
 Shoo'd you o'recome, which is the most you can  
 Expect, or look for, at the hands of man:  
 D' you think a stranger, having taken foot,  
 Will home return, without some other boot?  
 No, no, believe me, he will make you fight,  
 Before hee'll go, for that which is your Right.  
 The French likewise Sir, having nought to do,  
 Will lose no time, you may be sure on't too:  
 But will make hay, whil'st that the Sun shall shine,  
 Pretending to your party, to encline:  
 But when they're in, the way to get them out,  
 Will be no easie matter too, no doubt.  
 In story we may read, some such event,  
 When King, and Subject, have had discontent:  
 Whereas if you your peoples, love cou'd gain  
 You need not care a fig, for *France* nor *Spain*.  
 There's need're a stroke struck yet, one word may now,  
 Do that which one day, you may not know how.

*King.* What sayes the Traytor? take him hence to dwell,  
 With those infernal fire-brands of Hell.

What mak'st thou me? a Coward? or a King?  
 Thou foul-mouth'd-fellow, to utter such a thing.

Doeſt think thou Traytor, that we bear this ſword,  
 To cut off thoſe, that do obey our word ?  
 No, no, thou worſt of men, wee'll make thee know,  
 Thoſe Rebels too, what duty they do owe :  
 And not ſo eaſ'ly yield, unto their luſt,  
 Thoſe men that to our Crown, have prov'd ſo juſt.  
 That Prince's not fit, a Scepter for to hold,  
 That will be by his Subjects, ſo controul'd :  
 And ſince that Heav'n, has put it in our hand,  
 Wee'll ſway it to the terrour, of the Land.  
 Wee'll ſway it to the terrour, of all thoſe,  
 That do appear, to be our Kingdoms foes :  
 Whereof with reaſon, we ſuſpect you one,  
 VVherefore ſecure him, till our pleaſure's known.  
 The greateſt treaſon, commonly comes in  
 Maſkt with advice, upon our ſouls to win  
 The eaſier acceptation, and ſo trappan's  
 Our very reaſon, into our enemies hands.

*Sotus.* The Prince impleaſe you Sir, ſent me in haſte,  
 To tell you that more time, he will not waſte,  
 But without fail, will through the foe make way,  
 To kiſs your Royal hands, this very day.  
 The Cavilry, together with the foot,  
 Are in a fighting poſture, ready put.

*King.* Heav'n proſper his advance, wee're ready too,  
 And will endeavour likewise, to cut throw,  
 And clear his paſſage, to our Royal Place ;  
 VVherefore my Lords, let's more then go apace.

*Carried to  
prison.*

*Sotus  
enters.*

*Exeunt.*

*The*



*The sixth Scene : Enter Zorates and Selucious.*

*Selu.* **B**UT what if the King o'recomes, and gets the day,  
VVhat will become of us ? we cannot run away.

The Sea-ports ev'ry where are so secur'd,  
VVe cannot hope t'escape, be you assur'd.  
Nor in the City, can we shelter have,  
For ev'ry man himself will strive to save;  
And rather then their lives, and fortunes loose,  
Be ready for us, for to make a noose.

*Zor.* Still fears, and doubts, 'tis ominous I swear,  
And does presage our ruine I do fear.  
Success in ought attempt, is only when,  
VVe march on boldly, and nee're look back agen.  
The Gods are just, and will reward our care,  
Much better then you think for, never fear.  
Besides, do not the Prophets of our Age,  
Tell us, we shall prevail against their rage ?  
They know the mind of Heav'n, to which we must,  
And ought in reason too, for to give trust.

*Selu.* Were not our cause, much better then their skill,  
For all their Art, I shoo'd be scarfull still.  
Their knowledge is not certain, so to be,  
Nor trusted too, as infallibility.  
They oft'ner miss, then hit the mark I know,  
How e're the vulgar sort, they cozen so.

*Cro.* The King is victor, and the City flies  
To him for mercy, with exceeding cries.  
There's nought discours'd, but Presents for the King,  
And how they may, contentment to him bring.

*Crochus  
enters.*

How that they may, procure his wonted grace,  
And like loyal Subjects, look him in the face.

*Zor.* Then we are lost, and by the people too,  
We shall be left, which is our double wo.  
They that to a multitude, will trust,  
Are worse then mad, although the cause be just.  
Just, or unjust, to them it is all one,  
Success having pow'r, to make it so alone.

*Selu.* 'Tis true it has, amongst the vulgar sort,  
But with the best, it has but mean report.  
Men that have reason, for to judge aright,  
In ought success, take not so much delight,  
So to abuse their judgement, as conclude,  
The cause is just, cause conquest is refus'd.  
Well, be't how 'twill, how ever I have been  
Drawn in by you my Lord, thus overseen,  
I ever thought, the course that we did take,  
Woo'd one day make your head, and mine to ake.

*Cro.* What? no reward for this so happy news? *aside.*  
I've known the time, my pains not so to loose.

*Zor.* I ever thought, your fear woo'd us undo,  
Wherefore my Lord, farewell, farewell, adieu.

*Offers to go.*

*Enter the Maior of the City, with his Common-Council, and Officers.*

*Maior.* Stay Traytors, stay, and leave your heads behind,  
To pacific, an' appease, his Graces mind.  
We had not thus resisted, had not you,  
With your perswasions, urg'd us thereunto.  
You've drawn us in, and we will draw you out,  
And leave you to his mercy, without doubt.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter King, with his Life-Guard.*

*King.* Break down the City Gates, and likewise then  
Bring us the heads, of those rebellious men.  
My Lords that are restrain'd, at freedom set,  
With fire, and sword, make way to all that let.

*Sotus  
enters.*

*Sotus.* Implease you Sir, now at your Palace Gate,  
The City with those Traytors, now do wait,  
With halters 'bout their necks, to testifie,  
Their true compunction, to your Majestie.

*King.* This forc't repentance, never can be good,  
'Tis as unwholsom, as water in the blood.  
Where is the man, to save himself will not  
Counterfeit a grief, so to be forgot?  
That is a baite, Rebellion layes to catch  
An easie faith, a greater harm to watch.  
VVe will not so be cosen'd, they must die,  
Not our will so much, as our necessity.  
My Lord you're welcome, to us once agen,  
VWhom never more, we ever thought t'have seen.  
Such was the fury, of this peoples rage,  
VWhich nothing but a Crown, coo'd them asswage.  
Or your dear lives, which are to us so dear,  
Rather then lose, our Crown wee'd never wear.

*Cardinal and  
Admiral enters.*

*Card.* Sir such expressions, we do not deserve,  
But from our duty, we will never swerve.  
Restraint, nay life it self, is too too low,  
A pledge of that allegiance, we do owe.  
Our being here, woo'd but a burthen be  
To us, wer't not to serve, your Majestie:

*Enter Prince, and Princess Flora, with the Spanish Train, and the rest of the Officers of the Army.*

*King.* There comes th' *Infanta* whom we long'd to see,  
And did expect, with such impatiency.

*VVelcome fair Flora, welcome to our Land,*

*VVe, and all our Subjects, are at your Command.*

*No wonder at our conquest, since your eyes,  
Have pow'r alone, to kill and sacrifice.*

*Princess.* *VVrong not the valour, of these Heroes for,  
As that this Conquest, ought to me does owe  
Nor yet the justness, of your cause Great Sir,  
Which now has ended, all this coyle and stir.  
Though cause thereof, I shoo'd be glad to be,  
Withall my soul, to serve your Majestie:  
All my ambition is, implease your Grace,  
In your favour, to have a servants place:  
And to your Laws, so like a Subject live,  
That to your people, I may pattern give.*

*King.* You are not only fair, but humble too,  
But such humility, becomes not you.

*It does become you better, ev'ry way  
Sweet Madam, to command, then to obey.*

*Which like a Princess, freer then in Spain,*

*You in our Kingdom, shall command and raign.*

*But what can we, unto these Grandees say,*

*For all the pains, that they have took this day!*

*And to these Beauties, which have left Spain sad,*

*And full of tears, and sighs, to make us glad:*

*But bid them welcome, to our Royl Court,*

*And study how, to make their time seem short!*

G. C.



UPON  
Hells High-Commission Court ,  
set to Judge the King. Jan. 1648.

---

**J**ust as I enter'd that Majestick Hall,  
Where *Gog* and *Migog*, must be Judge and all,  
Upon the Person, of a King so good,  
His only fault was, he was not understood.  
Where to my view, the first thing did present  
( With such excess of sad astonishment )  
Just at the upper end, a scarlet Throne,  
Dy'd with the blood, of many a loyal one.  
*Oh horrid ! I cannot go no further,  
Their intent is, his Majestie to murder.*

UPON

UPON  
 The horrid, and unheard of Murther, of  
*CHARLES* the First, King of *England*,  
*Scotland, France and Ireland*, the  
 30<sup>th</sup> of *Janu.* 1648:

---

**W** Hy how now *George*? where is thy Muse become?  
 Or is't thy sorrow, mak'st thee thus so dumb?  
 Shall Heav'n, and Earth, the Death of *Charles* deplore,  
 And thou as unconcern'd, not say no more?  
 Or is the matter, of so high a strain,  
 Thou can'st not reach it, with thy weaker brain?  
 Then sigh it out, and with a lusty tear,  
 Threaten a Flood, to this unlucky year:  
 Insatiate men! insatiate did I say?  
 Blood-thirsty men I meant, to take away  
 The best of men, the best of Kings e're reign'd,  
**V**Who liv'd a life unspotted, and unstain'd.  
**V**Whose vertue was his fall: for had he bin,  
 In love with any thing but like a sin,  
 He had escap'd, their Tyrannique Laws,  
 'Cause he was bad, and for no other cause.  
 But he was good, nay Goodness it self he was,  
 And why they murther'd him, that was the cause.

(75)

TO

of  
d,  
CHARLES the Second,  
King of *England, Scotland, France and  
Ireland*, upon his thrice happy return into  
*England*, after twelve years Banishment.

---

A S in a tedious Winter, ev'ry Plant,  
Seems dead, and out of life, and all for want  
Of the Sun's presence; so Great *Charles* did we,  
Like dead men seem, and all for want of thee.  
But when the Winter's over, and the Sun,  
Returns again, to this our Horizon,  
How ev'ry thing revives, which we call Spring,  
Ev'n such is the return, of *Charles* our King!  
But Heav'n is kinder to these Plants below,  
'Cause innocence, is all that they do know:  
Their Winter therefore, is but short to ours,  
We having had dayes, unto their howers:  
Which is no less a wonder that we live,  
Wanting so long that influence, that shoo'd give  
Us life, and vigour, lying in the Root,  
Which was grub'd up, 'cause we no more shoo'd shoot.  
But as it happens, oftentimes we see,  
In taking up of Roots, that there will be,  
An off-set, two, or three, left in the ground,  
Which by some skilful, honest hand, if found,  
And planted carefully, from thence may spring,  
Stock sufficient, as may from *Charles* our King.  
which Heav'n we supplicate, that he may reign,  
He, and his Off-spring, till Shilo come's again.

UPON

UPON  
**King CHARLES the Second,**  
 His Birth-day, and his happy return  
 in *May, 1660.*

---

**T**Hrice happy day, and happy Moneth to be,  
 Thus twice, so great a friend to Monarchie.  
 The very Moneth, that gave Great *Charles* his breath,  
 Gave breath to us, redeeming us from Death,  
 From Death said I ? from dying ev'ry day,  
 And yet to die, coo'd not find out the way.  
 Grim Death compar'd, to what we suffer'd then,  
 So great a kindness was, Those Tyrant-men  
 Woo'd not allow us, but by little, and little,  
 T'increase our pain, and so consume our mettle.  
 This was th' Egyptian bondage, we lay under,  
 Which made the Lord come in, with such a wonder :  
 That, without one drop of blood, or one tear,  
 Has re-inthron'd, our lawful Prince this year.  
*So great a mercy, that we may deserve,  
 From Heav'n, nor him, in duty may we serve.*



TO MY  
 Lord General MONCK,  
 Upon his opportune coming  
 into *England*.

---

**T**Hou great Restorer of our antient Laws,  
 To whom we cannot give, too great applause:  
 Ride on victorious, in thy great design,  
 Gods real foes, and ours, to undermine.  
 Where had we been by this time, hadst not thou,  
 Just in the nick of time come in? I vow  
 We had been lost, and utterly undone,  
 And which is worse, Religion had been gone:  
 But Heav'n be praised, for this happy change,  
 Though to fanatic men, it seemeth strange.  
 Well; do the rest, that we expect from thee,  
 And second of this Kingdom, thou shalt be:  
 Which will more honour be, unto thy name,  
 So for to live, then die with dirty fame.

UPON

UPON  
 The Death of the most Illustrious, and  
 unparallel'd Prince, *HENRY*  
 Duke of *Glocester*.

---

**T**Hou that hast been my Companion all my life,  
 Leave me not now, I prethee in my grief.  
 Leave me not now, in this great time of need,  
 To help t'express the Cause that makes us bleed.  
 No wonder that the *Court*, is now so sad,  
 And that ~~the~~ Country everywhere is clad  
 With Sighs and Tears, the cause thereof being known,  
 Is able to dissolve the hardest stone.  
 Hard Fate ! you might have well forborn this sight,  
 And not have rob'd us of so great a Light.  
 A lesser might as well have serv'd your turn,  
 But that you had a mind, to make us mourn ;  
 But that you had a mind, to make us grieve,  
 And all our expectations, to deceive.  
 For one, so young, so wise, was never known,  
 So grave in carriage sure, but he alone.  
 So sound in judgement, and so great a reach  
 In State-affairs, the wisest he might teach.  
 So humble too withall, so well did place  
 What e're he said, and spake with such a grace,  
 He took his Hearers, with a double band,  
 Of Love, and Reason, and so amaz'd, woo'd stand,  
*This is our grief, our sorrow, and sad loss,*  
*Pray Heaven his Death, prove not to us a cross.*

# Upon the just Judgement, of His Majesties unjust J U D G E S.

**B** U T now they're come to Judgement, Heav'n is just,  
 And tho't be long, before he questions Dust,  
 They shall not go unpunish't, for that thing,  
 That horrid thing, of murdering their King:  
 'Twas bad enough, against the r King to rise,  
 But ten times worse, their King to sacrifice;  
 But worst of all, under a shew of Zeal,  
 To rob the Church, and spoyle the Common-weal:  
 And so make God, the Author of their ill,  
 Pretending 'twas his pleasure, and his will.  
 Thus, how from sin, to sin, the Devil draws  
 Ambitious spirits, to infringe Gods Laws;  
 Still prompting them, from what is bad, to worse,  
 Until they're fitted, for his heavy Curse.  
 Mercy is an Attribute, it is true,  
 Which properly to Heav'n, belongs unto:  
 And he that shews it, shews himself like God,  
 Yet God is said, to have an Iron Rod.  
 When he vouchsafes to pardon, 'tis to those  
 Will never more offend him, which he knows:  
 And yet some sins, he will not pardon neither,  
 That 'gainst the Holy-Ghost, and Abels brother;  
 Nor those that shall so eas'ly pardon those,  
 That still continue, his obdurate foes.  
 Blood requires blood, but oh! holy murder,  
 Is that which Heav'n it self, will never smurther;  
*Nor can we hope a blessing from above,  
 So long as one alive, among us move.*

U P O N  
Her Majesties , the Queen M O T H E R  
Return into *England*, in *October*, 1660.

GREAT *Queen* of vertue, and of all that's good,  
VVho never yet was rightly understood:  
Can you the wrongs you have receiv'd, forget ?  
You must be more then woman, to do it :  
Nay if such sins by you, can be so giv'n,  
'Tis more Great soul, then we can hope from Heav'n.  
And yet we've more then hopes, you can and will,  
Or else in *France*, you wou'd have stay'd still :  
And not have ventur'd, o're this Ocean more,  
But that you had a mind, to clear our score :  
And wipe away, all sorrow from our eyes,  
As fogs do vanish, when the Sun does rise.  
Great Star ! which from th' East and by South dost come,  
How much are we engaged to thy womb !  
Thy fruitful womb, that with no little pain,  
Hast stockt our Iland, with no little gain.  
Three Princes, which the world so much admire,  
And we at last, with Reason do desire.  
Two Beauties too ; they must not be forgot,  
VVhom Christendom admires, the like has not.  
*welcome Great Queen, welcome to our shores*  
*I fear to make amends, we shall adore*  
*Your sacred Presence, since that ever since,*  
*We have been curst, that you were forced hence.*

FINIS,